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THE SPHERE

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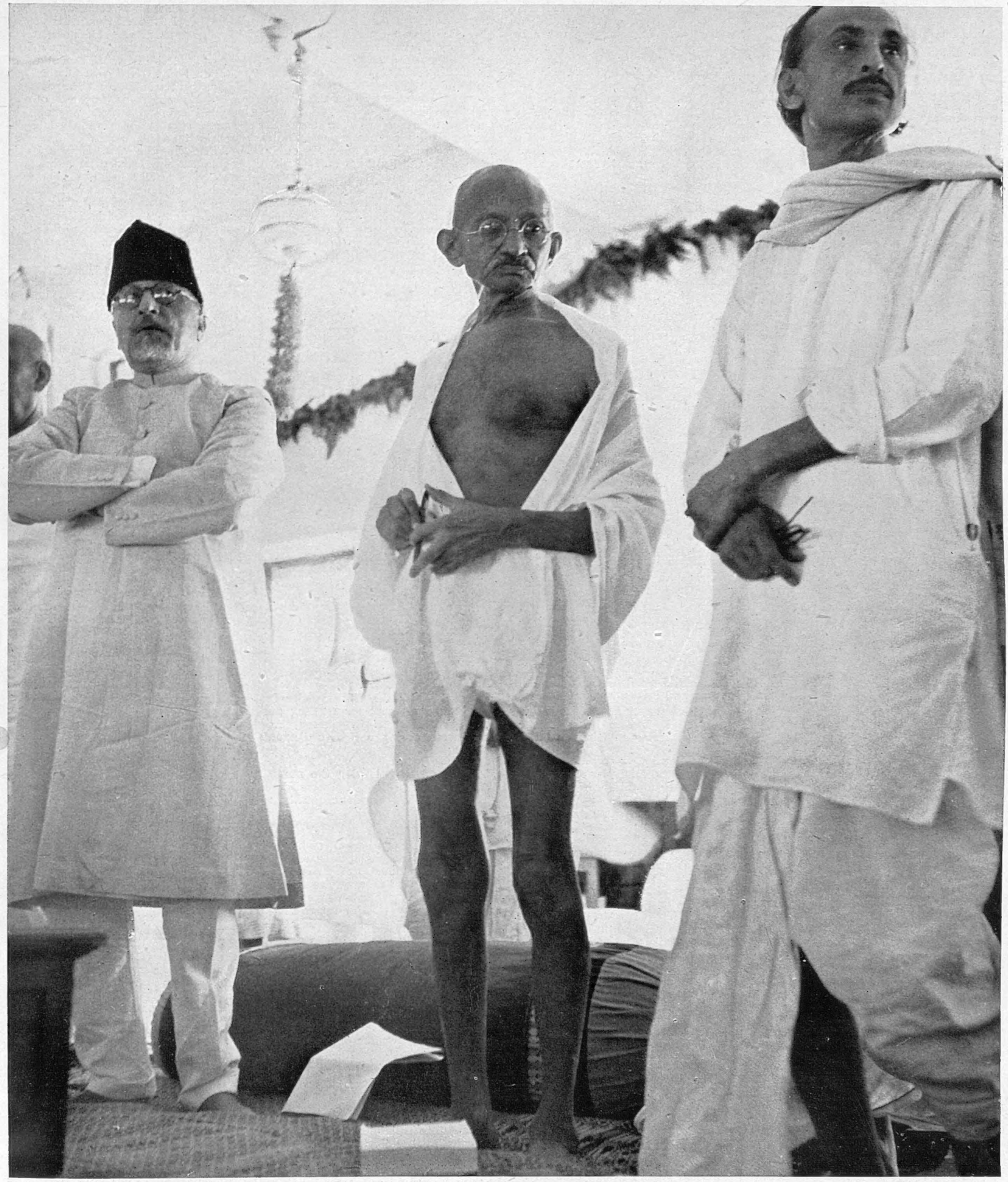

THE TWO INDIAN LEADERS ARRESTED LAST WEEK (WITH A NUMBER OF OTHER PROMINENT CONGRESS LEADERS). Dr. Maulana Abdul Kalam Azad, President (on left), and Mr. Gandhi (in centre)—both of whom are now interned in Poona by the Government of India

With the recent challenge of the Congress Party, the Government of India decided on action forthwith against the leaders who were threatening to inaugurate a mass "Civil Disobedience" campaign. Gandhi and all the members of the Congress Working Committee attending the All-India Congress at Bombay were arrested last week-end, together with others numbering well over 100. They were sent by special train to Poona, where Gandhi is now interned in the Aga Khan's residence at Yeravada. Gandhi, the most considerable of the Indian leaders, is nearly seventy-three years of age: he was a barrister and attorney in South Africa for seventeen years. Returning to India in 1915, he began his political career which ultimately led to the rapid growth of the Congress Party. He has been arrested many times. Dr. Azad, President of the Party, is a Muslim (unlike the great majority, who are Hindus): he, too, has been imprisoned more than once. He has been a leading politician in India for a quarter of a century

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 154

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The New School of War Literature.

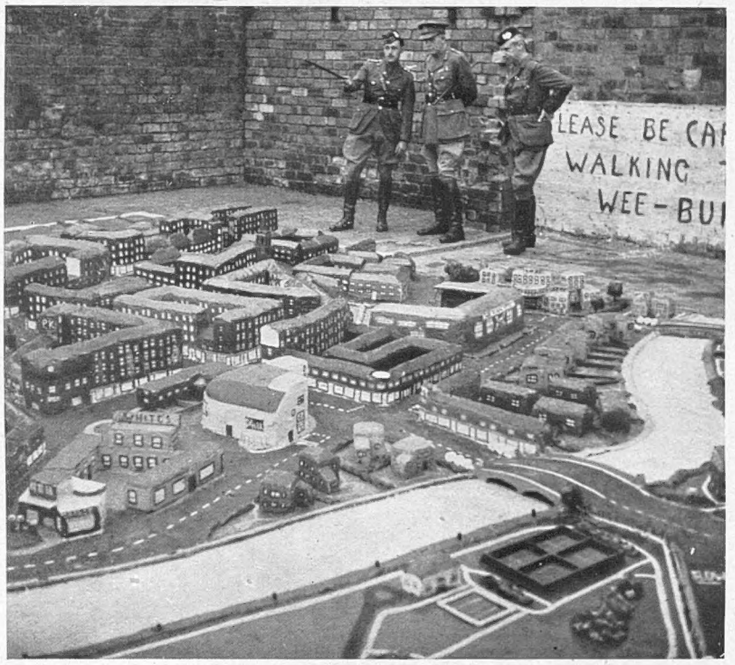
—Lord Elton, as a broadcaster, is not exactly my cup of tea. His technique is excellent. He has the intimate, conversation-*à-deux* manner in which Lord Ponsonby shines, and his latest discourse on books in wartime showed some sound and shrewd observation. He said with truth and courage that this war has produced nothing outstanding (as did the last) in poetry or fiction. This war, and the years which led immediately up to it, produced a new school of literature (if such it can be called)—the School of Journalist-observers-in-enemy-capitals, the "Inside-Europe" School. This war, it seems, demands fact, not fiction, as recreation fare. After reading the latest of this type of best-seller—in its way the most convincing—*Last Train from Berlin*, I ask myself whether our war departments controlling our war propaganda and Intelligence services have accorded too much respect to this form of literature or, as I prefer to call it, journalism. Facts in war are not easily acquired. Literature is permanent truth; things true for all time. When I take down the earlier best-sellers of this new school and reread them in the light of the history of 1940-42, I find truth and permanence alike hard to seek. America has found the bulk of these journalist-observers in enemy and other European capitals, and in the very fact that in the first years of the war things were made easy for Americans by the Nazis, lies the weakness as well as the virtues of their findings. Nazi politeness and ready efficiency in affording facilities for research often threw dust in the eyes of these observers. They were inclined to over-magnify Nazi efficiency and organising ability and to accentuate the amateurishness and lack of imagination revealed in British and American efforts in the early years of war. The new school clearly rejects the long-term view that honesty may be the best policy, and the efficiency and slickness of Goebbels throw a smoke-screen across his clumsy muddle of lying and prevarication and contradiction.

Dangerous Reading.

— Al. these best-sellers end on a note of hope for the Allied cause, one observes; it is for that reason, no doubt, that we in Britain and America take them up and gobble them down as inspired truth, and why they are the Bible of our own propaganda. They are dangerous reading because, after denigrating (invariably) our early efforts at making total war, they tell us we shall come through at last on top in spite of our unimaginative amateurishness and our failures and our stupidity. When we read these prophets, we ought sometimes to remember that the dust which gilds us may be as suspect as the dust which earlier blackened us, and that both forms of dust may be inspired by Goebbels to blind the eyes of the seers and the faithful followers of the seers. Without living inside Berlin, a man may reach the kernel of the truth about this war. Nazi-ism is not going to crack, or to be cracked by Germans, until the Nazi war machine has been more than cracked—*shattered* by the war machine of the Allies. That won't happen to-day or to-morrow, or years hence, unless we think and plan and work more realistically and less wishfully. Literature, no doubt (as Lord Elton said), is a munition of war. But is this new school Literature or is it just ephemeral journalism? Take one small point and pointer. For years I have been impressed by constant, authoritative "proofs" that German rail transport from the beginning of the war was strained to breaking-point and that lack of engines and rolling-stock was bringing the Nazi railway systems to chaos. The other day I read a paragraph strongly underlining this very "bull" point with which Howard Smith makes great play. In a parallel column was an equally-authoritative statement that Germany was again increasing her *exports of railway engines* to Turkey. The bones and beak of Howard Smith's argument are that Nazi institutions and German morale collapsed like "the old one-horse buggy" in the third month of the Russian war, and can never be pieced together again. We are now in the fourteenth month of that war. The drain on German industry, man-power and morale must be greater than ever, but the machine runs on, and the morale, too, limps along pretty adequately. What is truth? And where is it to be found? I doubt if it is accepted in the goods van even on the last train from Berlin.

Another Shooting Season!

—Another shooting season has opened—*ruit exiguus mus*. The pop of the scattergun will make no great addition to the louder poppings-off of war. But once this annual opening brought a thrill to thousands of hearts. No one who cared for his grouse moor would have shot grouse on August 1, if he could; and only very lightly and selectively on the 12th. But grouse are already on the market, and soon enough the new partridge lands, ever increasing under war agriculture, will have to be taken stock of. How is it to be done without transport? Under still existing laws governing game and the shooting of game, it cannot be done. The big private shoots to-day have largely ceased to function or exist. Most are in the hands of scratch syndicates whose reduced subscriptions contrive to keep one old keeper at work; and until this autumn some sort of image of the old regime was possible. But ever since the war began, poaching has increased and the sport has been fast "democratised" by the depredations of soldier and other "amateur" sportsmen. Deer drives and Home Guard requisitions long ago established the fact that almost every cottage possesses a 12-bore gun of some sort, and the regulation which requires a £3 licence for shooting game as opposed to vermin has largely become a dead letter. It becomes increasingly clear that the game laws of the age of privilege are moribund, and will not apply again in our time, and, it may be, they should now be modified to regularise a lawless state of affairs. The rearing of pheasants is, of course, dead, but wild pheasants and partridges thrive under the conditions of war agriculture. Owners and syndicates can no longer assemble for organised shoots. The only venery possible is the venery of our great grandfathers of the "pre-battue" days, and it might be well if the farmers were suffered to shoot the game on their farms on taking out a licence to kill game at a cost of, say, 30s. That would enable magistrates still to deal with offenders who kill game on a 10s. gun licence or on none at all. So far as private syndicates are concerned, the petrol cut has finished the business on any organised scale, and the only possibility for such sportsmen is for each to lease the shooting on the farm nearest to his home, from which he can walk out to maraud by the methods of Captain Hawker and *hoc genus*. Partridges and pheasants eat good food and provide good food. They must be shot and are best shot *legally*. That can only be done by reducing the game licence and so enlarging the number of the privileged. If 'twere done, 'twere well if 'twere done quickly.



GLASGOW AS THE HOME GUARD SEE IT DURING TRAINING: This model, of a part of the City, was made by a Home Guard sergeant for training purposes. It is here being inspected by Major-General D. G. Johnson, V.C., who is Training Adviser to G.H.Q., Home Forces, during a visit to Glasgow's Town Fighting School

Cornucopeia — Why?

—The gifts of Nature can become embarrassing. We have gathered in the garden soft fruits and jammed and guzzled and bottled 'em, and now we are stripped for action among the plum-trees, greengages, apple-trees and blackberries. And the stoutest heart quails at the prospect. How shall we dispose of all this undreamed-of wealth from long barren, lichened old trees and weighed-down hedgerows? I have seen nowhere any explanation of this freak of Nature. Why was it that this extraordinary bounty fell so aptly upon us? What was it in the weather of last winter which brought about an abundance in flowers, shrubs, wild and cultivated fruit-trees and bushes, with which the oldest inhabitant can find no parallel? Azaleas, lost and unsuspected in woods, came to flaming life; rotten old disused apple-orchards sprang into coloured life, and rotting boughs break daily with the weight of fruit. Rowan-, whortle-, blue- and black-berries cluster and sag, plums strew the ground, nuts are a drug in the market, and even the joy-cherries are heavy with small, inedible fruit. What do the scientists say about it all? What curious marriage of climatic conditions brought about this philo-progenitive impulse and performance?

H. E. D. Blakiston.

—The late Mr. Blakiston was President of Trinity College, Oxford, for more than thirty years and sometime Vice-Chancellor of the University. In my time at Trinity, I knew him as Senior Tutor, as Bursar and as President. And he took some knowing, as shy men often do. As is the case with shy men, also, liking came slowly with knowing. I think he typified the spirit of pre-wars Oxford. He possessed a tremendously strong obstinacy and the prejudices of tradition pent up in a frail body. He was meticulous, fussy, sarcastic. First impressions might bring a hasty judgment of old-maidishness and a certain snobbishness. Neither impression could be sustained on his record or on fuller knowledge of the man. He was a ripe scholar, accurate and painstaking. He was very sound and efficient in domestic economy, and with all his prejudices and conservatism he could, and did, hold a broad and far-sighted policy in the best interests of Trinity and of Oxford. If he set store by "family," it was the interest of the genealogist. Among his treasured memories and anecdotage was a three-days visit to Sandringham in the reign of King George V, during which his shyness did not prevent him doing a lot of talking. Among undergraduates he had, of course, a nickname—we called him "Blinks," which adequately thumb-nailed the outer man. But the inner man was much more formidable, bristling with defences and counter-attack weapons and tank traps against the infiltration of the enemies of Oxford tradition and Oxford canons of taste, and Oxford privilege and privacy. And this "strong-point" was most cunningly camouflaged. It looked so innocent. But it *bristled*, and could spit on appropriate occasions.

Imagination Holidays.—

I was not attracted by the summer holidays of some of those who neglected the warnings of authority and set out by train for the queen of pleasure resorts. I would rather be put in a tin with a hundred other sardines and soldered down. Bachelors may be able to escape, but for a family man with young children and a garden and young stock there is no escape; for there are no substitutes to do the essential jobs at home. Holidays can now only be taken by the aid of imagination while the body remains at home. The *habeas corpus* Act is suspended in respect of seaside landladies. But the thing can be done, if a vivid imagination and a nimble mind are brought to bear on the problem. Last week I tried it out, and my holiday carried me to the Moray Firth, to Normandy, and to the sea coves on the Pembrokeshire coast. It is the season of "mists and mellow fruitfulness." I live in a house overlooking downs; in between is a valley, dotted with clumps of trees. At dawn on most autumn mornings a white mist invests this valley. It looks exactly like the Moray Firth with the top of the downs rising beyond it, the very moral of the Black Isle. Ships and small islands—tree-tops—emerge through the silver sea of mist . . . and thus every morning I visit Nairnshire . . . without trouble or expense. And it really *is* a holiday. One day we went by devious routes to Guildford—*ultima Thule*. We gaped in the High Street like tourists visiting a Normandy town and managed to invest the sightseeing with reality. I had not visited Guildford (once my home town) for about seven years. Another day (by still more devious routes) we reached salt water. An arm of the sea, very redolent of seaweed. We saw the Isle of Wight; we paddled; we bathed from a disused jetty in hot sunshine; we scrambled over old hulks and rusty steamers, and collected seaweed. And we called it a day—no, a *week*—at the seaside. It felt like a week when at last we got home and made up arrears of essential domestic chores. The thing *can* be done, if you use your imagination.

THE OLD STAGER

A DRAMATIC IMPRESSION OF THE RIVER BANK WHERE THE NAZIS MADE ONE OF THEIR CROSSINGS OF THE DON: The sky is black with smoke and soot; for five hours the Germans stood here bleeding heavily, being battered by the Russian guns. Then the German artillery got the upper hand: a flood of German vehicles, men and guns broke through, across an improvised bridge, trampling over the bodies of their own dead

THE CROSSING OF THE DON

How it was Achieved by the Germans in the Face of the Intensest Russian Resistance

A GERMAN MOTORISED ARTILLERY COLUMN, crossing the River Don by means of a pontoon bridge. Wrecked equipment and material of all kinds is seen strewing the path of the advancing enemy

THOUSANDS OF RUSSIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN, freed after the German retreat last winter and knowing what German rule means, tried to escape before the new Nazi advance. A tragic moment is pictured here, when a long column of refugees were caught up by a quickly-advancing German column

The pictures reproduced here show scenes during the successful crossings of the Don River by the advancing Germans at the start of their drive down to the Caucasus. Although successful, these crossings were not effected without the most appalling losses by the enemy. The country throughout the whole Don region, although flat, is marshy and intersected by small streams and swamps. It had been mined and covered with strong defensive works by Soviet sappers. The losses of the *Wehrmacht* in such terrain, where its heavy vehicles were often bogged down to the gun slits and became stationary targets for anti-tank rifles, were terrific. Nevertheless, the Germans, with their customary ruthlessness, pushed on regardless of casualties: in some cases, the troops who crossed the river passed over causeways piled up with dead bodies, trampling them down into the water as men and equipment crossed over. The enemy launched attacks at three main places; as time went on these bridgeheads were used for the ensuing German drives.

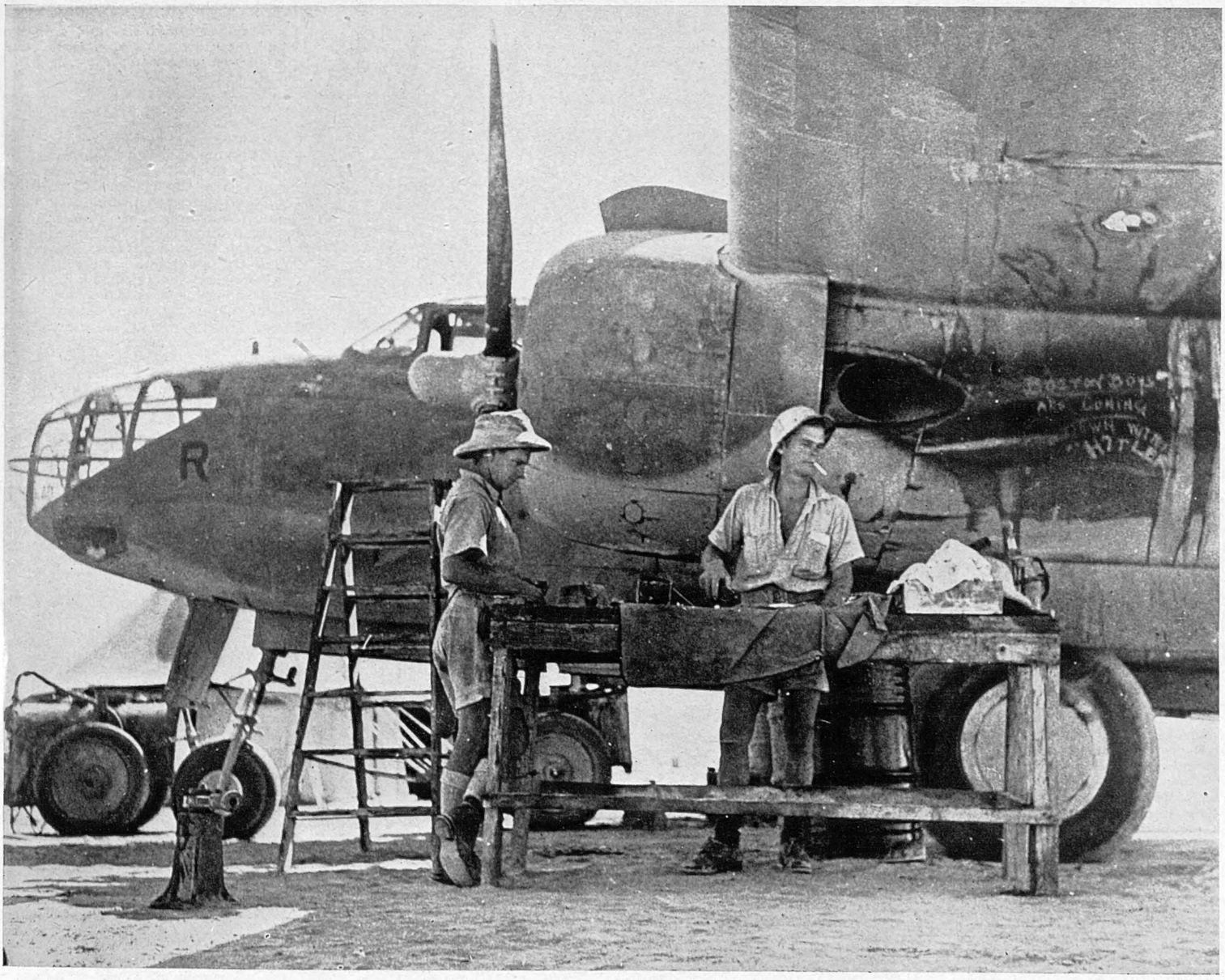
A HASTILY-IMPROVISED GERMAN BRIDGE OVER THE DON HAD BEEN BLOWN TO BITS by the Russians. Tanks, lorries, corpses of men and animals—all had gone down into the water: but the river here is shallow. Filled in with the ruins of the bridge, following waves of Nazis were able to advance across the semi-floating structure

THE LATEST PICTURES FROM THE EGYPTIAN DESERT

A SCENE IN THE VICINITY OF TEL-EL-EISA (or Hill of Jesus), one of the fiercely-contested battlefields in the Alamein sector in Egypt. Tank transporters are her seen with their cargoes of cruiser tanks on the way back to the forward areas after having been reconditioned. The tanks are now brought forward b this means to ensure that they go into action in a state of complete readiness and with engine and tracks undamaged

NEW ZEALANDERS ON THE RUWEISAT RIDGE AWAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE: This picture was taken during July 14, when the New Zealanders advanced six miles and took over 1,600 German and Italian prisoners. Each man took shelter in his own little trench, or hole in the ground, to be under cover during the enemy's artillery bombardment. In the background is a collection of transport vehicles scattered about the open country of the plateau

A BOGGED "VALENTINE" TANK IS RECOVERED IN THE ALAMEIN AREA: This got into trouble in marshy ground near the Mediterranean coastline. It took the combined efforts of two 250-h.p. recovery vehicles to get it back on to firm ground again. The picture shows how the recovery was made: brute force is the only thing that will bring the tank out of the morass, and strong steel cables have to be used for the haulage work involved



FITTERS SERVICING A BOSTON BOMBER: On the engine cowling is the message—"Boston Boys are coming. Down with Hitler." For some time the Allied Air Forces have been hammering at the enemy: by day and by night Axis armoured cars, motor transport and aerodromes have been attacked, while ground crews have worked unceasingly to refuel, rearm, and bomb-up the aircraft taking part in the operations

THE BLACK GUARDS IN THE ORDER OF BATTLE

The Reasons for the Introduction of the Waffen S.S.—Hitler's Elite—into Occupied France, and the Strange Manœuvres of the German High Command to Fog British and Russian Intelligence Officers as to the Enemy's Real Strength in the East and in the West

Described by
FERDINAND TUOHY

THE present is a period when brains and secret endeavour are devoted in the utmost degree to establishing Hitler's order of battle, by which is implied the disposition of his divisions in each theatre of operations, in Greater Germany and in the occupied countries. Something like 300 divisions are thought to be involved, so the magnitude of the chase stands revealed. How many are in the East? How many in the West? How many strewn elsewhere? And what is the fighting worth of divisions in and out of the line? How soon can reserves and refitting divisions be utilisable in this and that region, country? To fix the answers accurately on a map is to supply one of the principal prerequisites to the forming of a new front.

The British and Russian Intelligence Staffs are the chief agencies for finding out, and they need all the mutual confidence they can muster. A tendency to list too many enemy divisions as being on one's own front and too few on that of one's ally has to be checked. The view in London at this writing is that at least twenty-five divisions are located in France, Belgium and Holland, with two Panzer divisions. Many of the ordinary divisions are not first-line, but they are extremely well found and ready to operate in organised defences the merit of which there is no reason whatever to underestimate. It is pointed out that the West, particularly France, has long been used as a vast training-ground, and that when divisions leave for the East, as they do, to the extent, so it is conceded, of sixteen divisions since approximately the end of June, they are at once replaced by fresh contingents not for long less valid for battle than those that have left.

How far the Russian Intelligence accepts this estimate one does not know. But an uneasy element is introduced by estimates of a very different character which periodically emanate from one or other of the three Soviet newspapers which are little less than official. The lowest of these estimates leave only nine divisions and two armoured brigades in the whole of Occupied France! The Russians usually name the divisions they identify as coming from the West, and while their insistence is, of course, part of the suggestioning of us to set up a Continental front without delay (with over 250 enemy divisions opposed to them, one can well understand it), there can be no question of our Ally's good faith. A lot of good it would do the Russians if we landed on the Continent and ran into a bunch of divisions that had been erroneously identified as transferred to the Russian front!

One only wonders if due allowance is made for the possibility of German jugglery, designed to give the impression that specific formations are on the Eastern Front, which in reality have not been moved thither.

The Germans were toying with the faking of divisional movements in 1918. After the Armistice they ate up all the deceits, and when they wanted elaboration they wrote to foreign experts who had burst into print no doubt in the belief that that war had ended all wars and that they could reveal anything and everything.

Nothing is too extravagant for people like the Nazis to have a shot at, if they think there's a chance of results, and how much more is to be gained by successful deception of this kind now! If the Germans can make the British and Russians deduce that so many divisions have been transferred from West to East, or vice versa, when such is not the case, they may trap the Allies into faulty moves which could have grave consequences indeed. The best the Germans could hope for would be for the Allies to invade the Continent, believing that the West had been seriously depleted of troops when all the time great German strength awaited the invaders.

Then, once the Allies had been driven off, there would be an end to organised resistance in the occupied countries; more than that, these unfortunate peoples would (in the German view) turn in bitterness from liberators who had returned only to spread further untold misery. I need only quote that valuable arrival, M. André Philip: "It would be a terrible thing if there were an unsuccessful landing, with all our people killed afterwards."

Or German trickery in regard to divisional movements can aspire to sow dissension between Britain and Russia. The Red Army cannot be other than put out of heart by the signalling of divisions hailing from the West. It makes the Soviet soldiers feel they are fighting an ever more lonely struggle. It is calculated to separate the Russians a little more from the Allies. Is there anything so far-fetched, therefore, about the possibility of our cunning enemy stoking things by means of elaborate deceit pointing to the presence of this and that German division on the Don, though, in fact, it remains far nearer the Seine or the Scheldt?

This form of deceit may be attempted as follows:

(*a*) By coaching selected men in what to say if captured, and by giving them regimental papers, numerals and information to bear out that they belong to X Division. If the Russians capture only one or two such decoys, they are entitled conditionally to log X Division as being on their front, and the same goes if they stumble over one or two decoys who have had the bad luck to get killed, since papers and numerals of the dead also talk to the examining officers. Getting decoys to operate in the above manner should offer small difficulty with Hitler fanatics, who would act up beautifully.

(*b*) By training men as deserters-to-be, all primed and fitted out to mislead interrogating officers in the clash of battle, whether the "deserter" finishes alive or dead, though preferably alive. At Arras in 1917 there was a typical case of a *Feldwebel* who gave every sign of being a plant, his plum taking the form of a highly-suspicious diary.

(*c*) By hoodwinking the inhabitants of a region harbouring a formation which it is intended shall be bogusly "sent" to another front. This assumes a special importance to-day in view of the state of affairs in the occupied countries. Say X Division is located round Ghent and that the fake is that it has gone to Russia. The Germans are well aware that Ghent is studded with "hidden eyes," including Communists, who manage to get out reports on German troop movements. So they set the stage in artful detail to ensnare these "hidden eyes," though how it is done is too technical and space-absorbing for present purposes. If some of the "hidden eye" don't bite, are not taken in by the stunts practised, others will be deceived, and will report accordingly.

A new and puzzling element has been introduced into this whole story with the broadcasting of the tramp, tramp, tramp through Paris of the Waffen Schutz Staffel Elite Black Guard, or Hitler's Private Police Army. There have been conflicting reports as to how many took part—the French official said the march lasted two hours, but Berlin was told six—and no less conflicting appreciations followed concerning the role allotted the S.S.

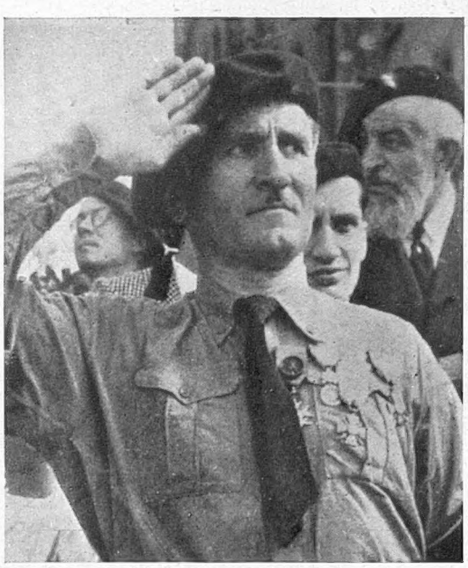
The Russians are very interested, because they think Hitler is putting up a sham, showing off his Elite with a maximum of diffusion in order to impress the French—and also the Anglo-Americans. Others nearer home fall back on the reasoning that Hitler has had to send his Prætorians to the West in order to forestall trouble in the occupying *Wehrmacht* and among the enslaved populations. Of course, this ultimate human rampart of Hitler's would be heard from in the event of army bother, such as a reluctance of the occupying forces to massacre civilians, and, naturally, the S.S. ceremonial in occupied territory is executed in order to imbue respect when not to gain admiration for splendid blond beasts splendidly turned out and equipped with the latest "secret" weapons. Certainly this flower of Nazi manhood, this ruling caste designate which mustn't fraternise with the proletariat, is looked upon by Hitler as his main prop in imposing the New Order throughout Europe and farther afield. Assuredly the S.S. has been evolved in order that it may be capable of squashing revolt wherever revolt may manifest itself, whether inside or outside Germany. But all this is to overlook the fact that the S.S. is a dual-purpose army.

One day parts of it may operate under Himmler in a policing role. The next day parts of it will be found comporting itself in imitation of the Guards Brigade, and Rundstedt the professional soldier in command and no pig-faced little Himmler.

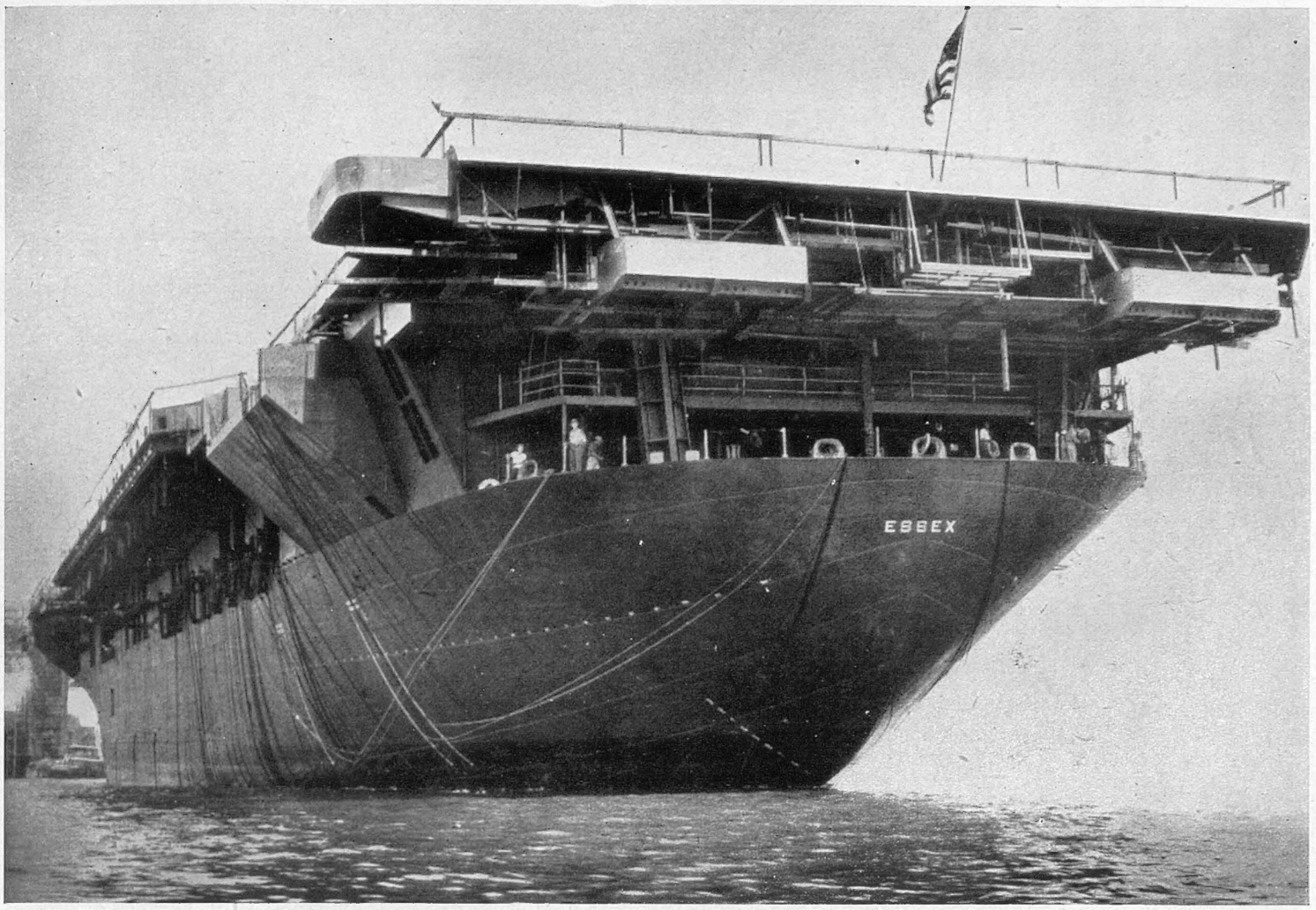
The S.S. is well blooded: only by ordeal in battle does Hitler's Elite survive. The S.S. were in the thick of things at Dunkirk, in Crete and lately in Russia, and now that the corps is reputed to have grown into a vast army of twenty divisions plus an air component, is it likely that the Black Guards' role in the West has been cast as one of tackling guerillas and of standing by for possible indiscipline in the German Army?

Hitler has been accustomed to send to Prætorians where he requires absolute reliability, self-sacrifice and military excellence. If only because the S.S. know they will be among the first "for it" in the event of defeat, they can be counted on to produce the maximum of resistance as they can be relied upon to pass to the fiercest offensive. That the Waffen S.S. will be centrally held for throwing in at crucial points should the Allies invade seems self-evident. The only point is: just how many of Hitler's Black Guards have come to the West?

LAVAL, TOO, HAS HIS OWN PRIVATE TROOPS—Members of the new "Home Guard" parade at Lyons: This is the first picture to be received in London of the new corps just formed by Laval in France. Known as the French Legion's "Special Service Body," these men are believed to be the nucleus of a force which may be used by the French Quisling to quell any riots in France. Here they are seen parading in Lyons, wearing their new khaki shirts and berets, after they had been sworn in as "Modern Knights"



THE CHIEF OF THE FRENCH "HOME GUARD"—Joseph Darnand, as he turned out for the Lyons Parade

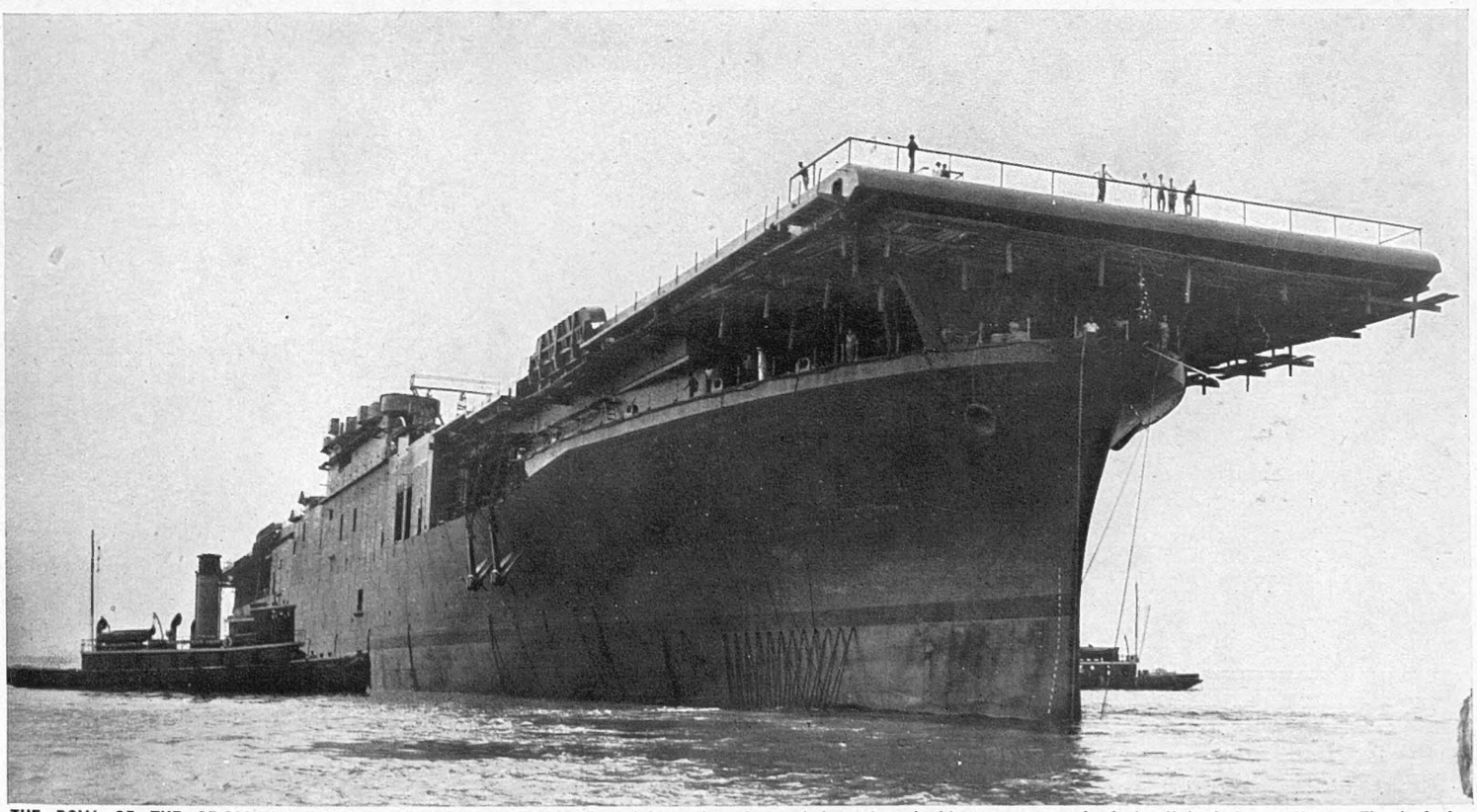


THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "ESSEX," LATEST OF AMERICA'S WAR VESSELS and the first new carrier to be launched since the United States entered the war, takes the water at Newport News only fifteen months and three days after her keel was laid

AMERICA'S LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER

The U.S.S. Essex *is Launched at Newport News, Virginia—the First of a Class of Eleven*

On April 28, 1941, the keel of the U.S. aircraft-carrier *Essex* was laid at the yard of the Newport News Company of Virginia. She is one of seven vessels of her class; another four were also ordered from the Bethlehem Company of Quincy. The *Essex* has just been launched, fifteen months and three days after she was laid down, and will now be fitted out for service with the U.S. Navy. The two pictures reproduced on this page were taken at her launching. *Essex* is a vessel of 25,000 tons, and has been designed for a complement of 2,000: her dimensions have not yet been reported. The armament will consist of sixteen 5-in. guns and sundry smaller weapons in twin mountings. She has been designed to carry over eighty aircraft, with a speed of 35 knots: her armour is reported to be similar to that of the Enterprise class, and her cost is expected to be 60,000,000 dollars (equivalent to £12,000,000 sterling).



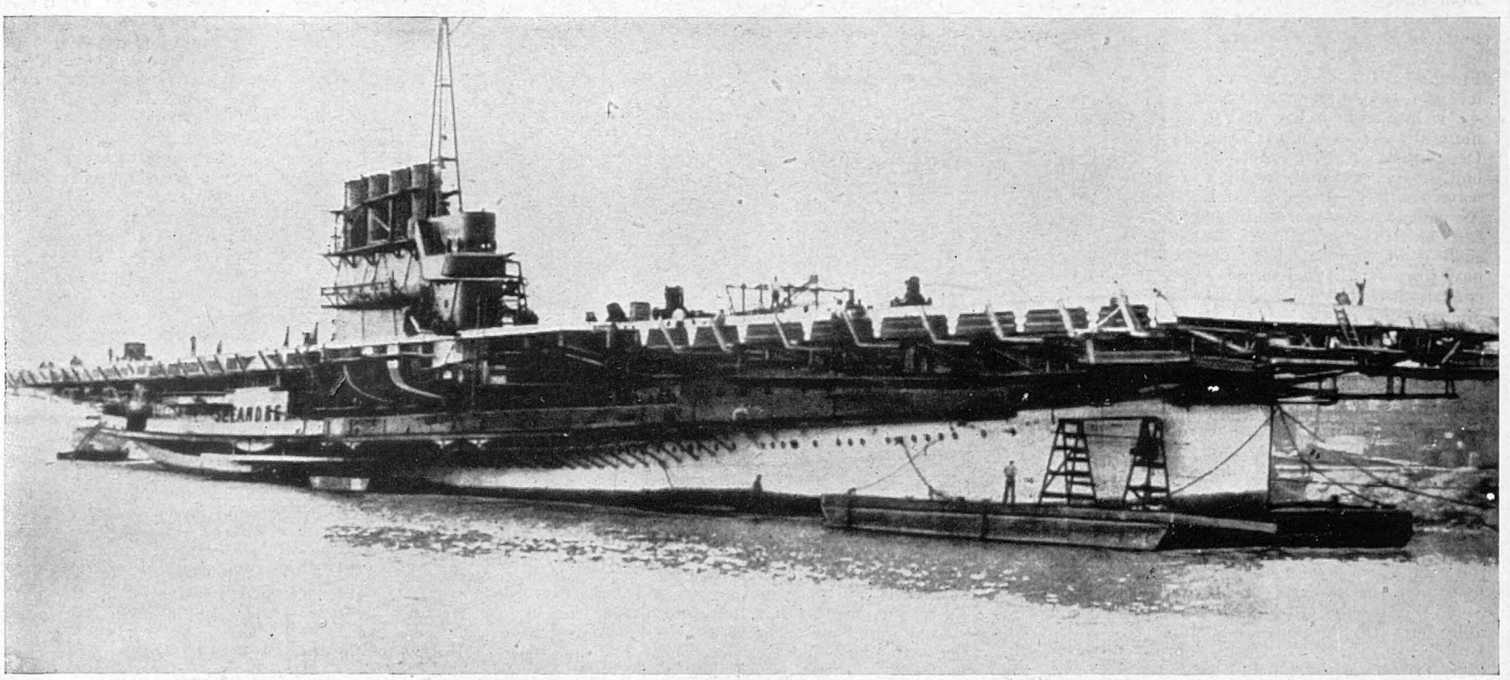
THE BOW OF THE 25,000-TON "ESSEX," off which will fly the eighty aircraft carried on board this newest vessel of the United States Navy. The inclusive cost of each vessel of this class is expected to be about 60,000,000 dollars

ON THE WAY OUT OF BURMA

A Picture which has Only Just Been Received in this Country

HOW BRITISH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS ESCAPED FROM THE JAPS : With Burmese nurses in the party, the men are helping to build shelters on the rafts which took them down the Uyu River to the Chindwin

Photographic material in illustration of the Allied withdrawal from Burma is very scarce : it is for this reason that the above graphic picture is reproduced here, despite the lateness of its arrival in this country. The Chindwin River was the great highway of escape before the advancing Japanese : but before it was reached British, American and Burmese personnel had to make hazardous journeys by road and by lesser rivers until the larger river was reached. The route then lay through Assam into India. The picture we give was taken in midstream, on a raft on the Uyu River which leads into the Chindwin. British and American officers and men are plaiting material for the erection of shelters on the raft, under which to live during the long passage : Burmese nurses formed some of the party on the voyage



A NEW IDEA FOR AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS

A Training Ship Constructed Out Of a Side-Wheeler on the Great Lakes

THE PASSENGER VESSEL "SEEANDBEE" which has been converted for the purpose of acting as a training vessel for pilots who will later be employed in the task of flying off the decks of aircraft-carriers at sea

In a shipbuilding yard at Buffalo a twenty-nine-year-old passenger ship nears conversion into a plane training ship : she is a side-wheeler, on to which a long flight deck has been added, with a bridge structure to one side. When ready for service, she will be used by the U.S. Navy on the Great Lakes for training pilots in aircraft-carrier technique. The Americans have made great progress in this respect, and they are reported to have a great number of vessels —of all types—capable of fulfilling this very vital function of modern warfare. It has been reported that aircraft are playing a large part in the Battle of the Atlantic, helping to convoy the merchantmen and to drive off the "pig-boats" (in other words, Axis submarines)

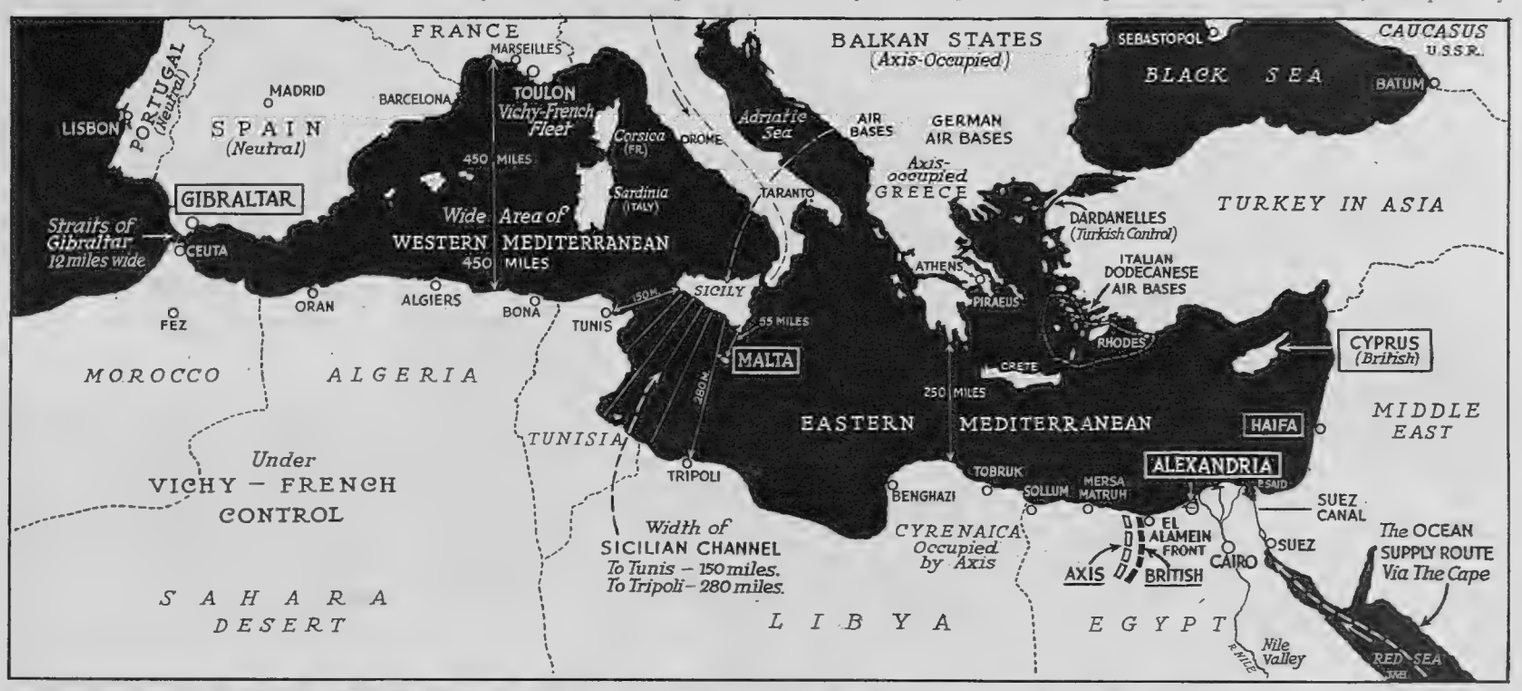
CAN THE MEDITERRANEAN BE CLEARED?

Or Does a State of Deadlock Now Exist? The Actual Difficulties in the Path of Both Sides are Here Discussed

By CHARLES P. HART

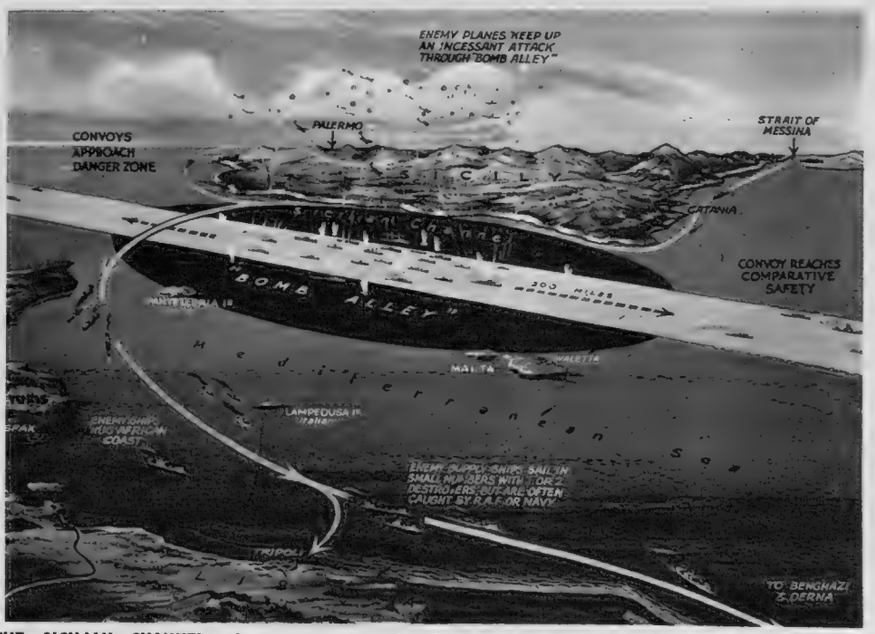
AS the largest "No Man's Land" in the present war, the Mediterranean holds a unique and vital interest for all parties in the present struggle. About six times as large as the North Sea, the steaming distances in these often stormy and arduous waters are much greater than is generally remembered. It is roughly as far from Gibraltar to Malta as it is from Gibraltar to England, and very little less from Malta to Port Said. And for both parties, hostile bases inconveniently straddle the sea lanes.

The Straits of Gibraltar are only 14 miles wide, though the lack of an airfield there is a severe handicap to us. The Italian base of Pantellaria splits the already too narrow Sicilian Channel. Only 62 miles of water separate Pantellaria from the Sicilian coast, and about 40 miles, almost certainly liberally mined, is the width of the straits on the Tunis side of the island. Malta itself is as near Sicily as Pantellaria—the two islands themselves are only about 125 miles apart, distances absolutely negligible as far as modern aircraft are concerned. The sea-way between Crete and the Libyan coast is little more than 180 miles wide. Cyprus enjoys a greater measure of safety, being over 300 miles distant both from the Dodecanese and Crete.



THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE MEDITERRANEAN PROBLEM, showing the chief danger-points, the distances involved in this vast Inland Sea, and the three firmly-held British strongholds at Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria—*A special* Sphere *map*

In such constricted waters, both contestants have to walk warily. Until the fall of France, Allied naval superiority in the Mediterranean was so overwhelming that Italy's neutrality was guaranteed. Dependent on their motherland even for much of their water supply, Italy's North African possessions were in no case to withstand a blockade such as we could at that time have imposed. Allied shipping came and went throughout the Mediterranean at least as safely as it did outside. But with the loss to us of the French Fleet, we became much the weaker power in the Mediterranean. From that date, none but Malta supply convoys of the utmost importance have run the gauntlet in the Middle Sea. All our other shipping, even including supplies for Libya, has been routed via the Cape, imposing an extra period of up to fourteen weeks on the length of the voyage.



THE SICILIAN CHANNEL, the narrow stretch of water between Pantellaria and Sicily, which is one of the principal danger-spots for British shipping—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

For Italy, the fall of France opened up considerable but still perilous opportunities. She holds Brindisi on the north-west, Tobruk in the south-east, Tripoli on the south-west and Rhodes and the Dodecanese in the north-east. It is a good hand, strategically, but marred by several flaws which do not appear on the surface. The land route from Tripoli to Tobruk is long and waterless, by sea it is dangerous both by the natural hazards of reef and shoal and by British air and sea attack.

Rhodes is as bombable from Cyprus as Cyprus is from Rhodes. Rhodes and the neighbouring Dodecanese have been lavishly developed by Mussolini. They were planned to serve as the base for the Italian Navy's E-boats; Leros was made the submarine base, and Maritza and Calato the main airfields. Scarpanto and Stampalia were made the scene of secondary bases for light naval craft and submarines. Theoretically, such bases controlled the Dardanelles and made an admirable sally port for attacks on our shipping as it diverged from Suez. But the memorable raids made by Admiral Cunningham in the *Warspite* in August 1940 put the Italian garrisons on the defensive. With the assistance of the carriers *Illustrious* and *Eagle* and the cruisers *Ilex* and *Orion*, the main bases and airfields were both heavily bombed from the air and shelled from the sea. The treatment has been repeated occasionally since.

As far as surface naval warfare is concerned, the Italian Navy has already reached the state at which the steady casualties of convoying and other routine duties have become a serious but unavoidable drain on her strength. But by air she holds all the trump-cards.

To do Italian strategists justice, they recognised the preponderance of the air arm (from their standpoint) very early on. Balbo's flights across Europe and to South America were designed to impress the world with Italian prowess in the air. Accompanying the great expansion of the *Regia Aeronautica* was an unrestricted submarine-building campaign. The plan was quite clear. The Air Force was to make first Alexandria and Port Said, and later possibly Malta, Cyprus and Suez, untenable for our Navy and merchant ships. Driven out to sea, they were to be met by submarine attacks on an unprecedented scale. Granted the success of this move, the process was to be repeated against Gibraltar, from bases which certain owners (Mussolini felt confident) would readily make available to an Italy so far successful.

Unfortunately for the plan, the Italian Air Force has not succeeded in making Malta untenable for the Navy, despite lavish German assistance. Alexandria and Port Said have been less affected still.

What the Axis may try next remains to be seen. German possession of the Caucasus, it is probably hoped, will be the lever to persuade Turkey to permit an attack on Egypt via Syria. This would make one arm of a giant pincer sweep on the Nile, while a reinforced Rommel tried again from the East.

From our own side the problem is much simpler. It is one of holding on until our naval strength is restored to the point at which we can again virtually cut off Italian North Africa by sea.

Unplayed cards in the game as yet are the French bases of Toulon, Algiers and Bizerta. Powerful French capital ships of the most modern class, with modern cruisers and destroyers, are still afloat there, and are reputedly in fighting trim. Toulon concerns us little, except that it would be a convenient port of embarkation for Libyan reinforcements. But if Algiers and Tunis became the seat of hostile operations, particularly for aircraft, the outlook would indeed be grave.

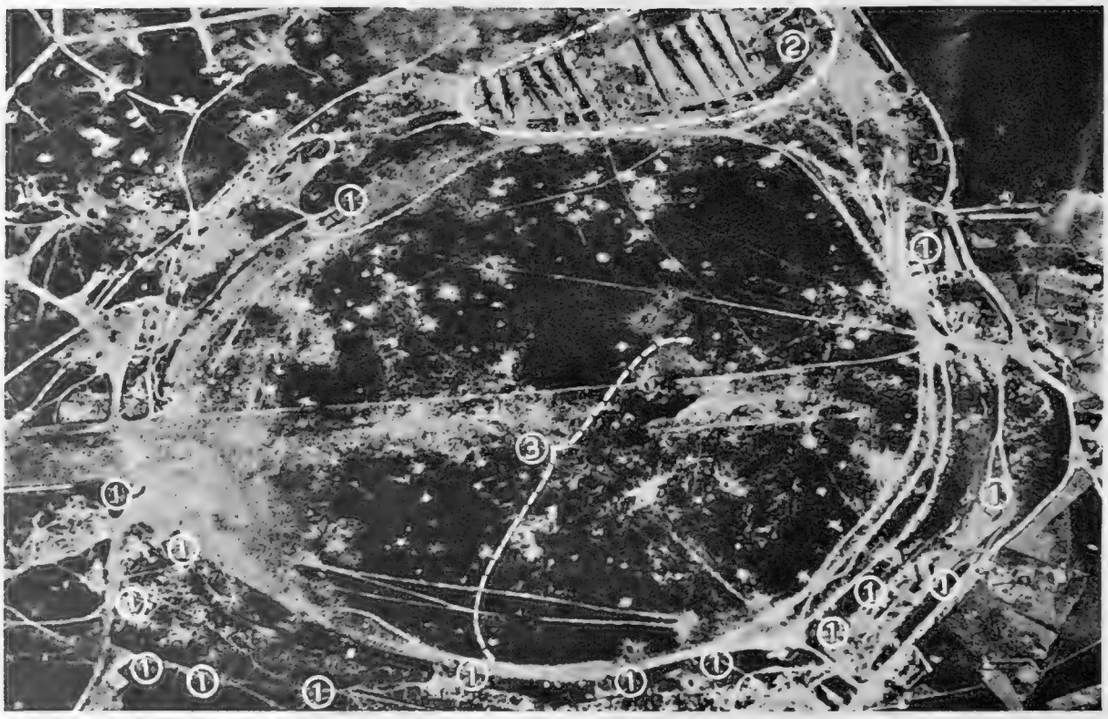
Hostile planes at Algiers and Tunis would extend, in effect, the Sicilian Channel as far as the Straits of Gibraltar. Ceuta, of which much has been made as a possible menace, seems by comparison far less dangerous. If Spain entered the war on the Axis side, many bases for air and land attack on Gibraltar would immediately become available, and Ceuta possesses no greater possibilities for ill than several other places which might be named.

Conditions in the Mediterranean, therefore, appear to have reached something of a deadlock for both sides. The difficulties differ in nature for us and the Axis, but are equally great. It seems as if some powerful swing of the scales must confer great extra strength on one side or the other before the Mediterranean becomes either Axis property or ours.

MALTA UNDER ATTACK

AIR VICE-MARSHAL K. R. PARK, C.B., M.C., D.F.C., newly-appointed Air Officer Commanding R.A.F., Mediterranean Command. He commanded No. 11 Group of Fighter Command during the Battle of Britain; and he has just relinquished the post of Air Officer Commanding, Egypt, to take up his new appointment at Malta

THIS IS WHY THE GERMANS HAVE CALLED MALTA "AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER": On the eastern side of the Island are five R.A.F. airfields and two parking-grounds *(See notes below at left)*



HOW MALTA HAS BEEN POUNDED FROM THE AIR: Ta Venezia Aerodrome after the enemy air assault on the Island had reached its height *(See notes below)*

"SIR HUGHIE PUGHIE" OF MALTA—in other words, Acting Air Vice-Marshal Sir Hugh Pughe Lloyd, K.B.E., who was in command of the R.A.F. on the Island until a few weeks ago, when he was followed by Air Vice-Marshal Park

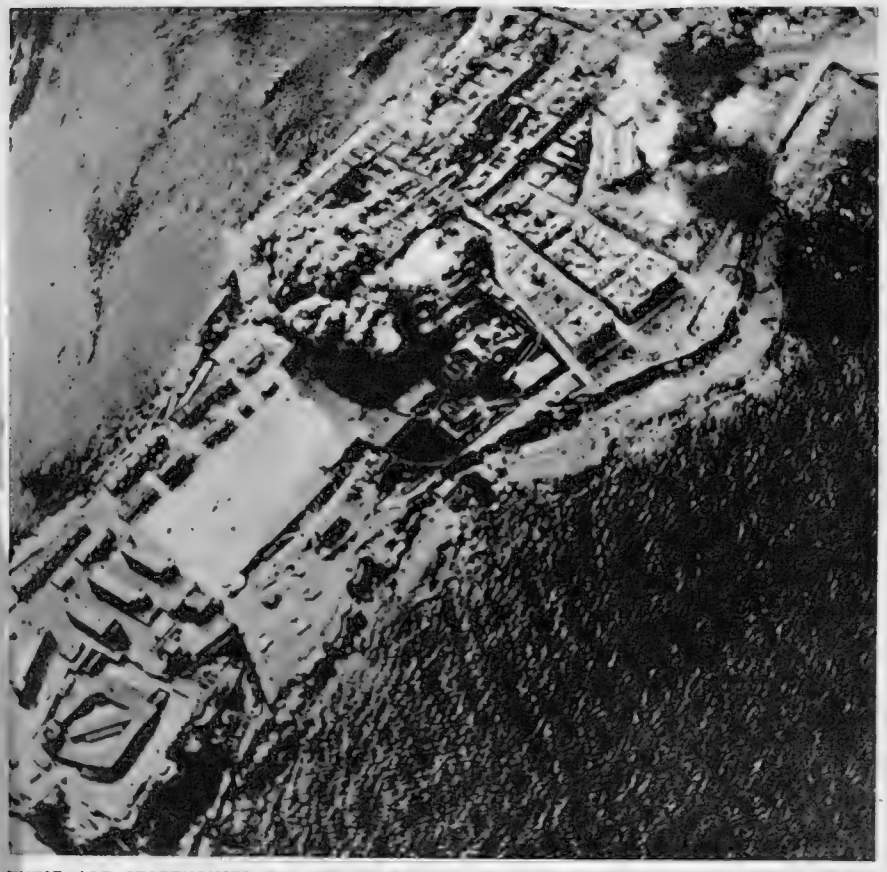
With the exception of the two portraits reproduced on these pages, all the pictures given here come from enemy sources or are disseminated through organisations known to be agents of the Nazis.

Malta is, and has been since Italy's entry into the war, a sharp thorn in the side of the Axis—the more so since Rommel's need for reinforcements in North Africa became so vital. With the Island in British hands, it has served as a base for bombers and fighters to raid the Italy-Africa convoy line—until Hitler determined to suppress the raiders. Incidentally, up to date, this determination has *not* been carried out, although it is undoubted that the hundreds of raids by Germans and Italians have caused a lessening in the offensive power of the Island-based R.A.F.

The Germans have called Malta an "aircraft-carrier": the top picture on this page shows why. On the eastern side of the Island are five airfields. These are: **1**—Halfar; **2**—Guidia; **3**—Luca; **4**—Krendi; and **5**—Ta Venezia. Three of these are linked by a broad runway, lettered **6**. In addition, the map also indicates parking-grounds for aircraft at **7**; Valetta Harbour is indicated at **8**. The picture immediately above these notes shows how great was the Axis effort to wipe out the R.A.F. aerodromes: it shows Ta Venezia Aerodrome at the height of the air assault on Malta. Here is the bomb-pitted airfield, with aircraft sheds at **1**, and subterranean hangars at **2**; across the field a stick of bombs has been dropped at **3**. Yet from this base to-day our airmen still fly out to battle, and still take toll of the enemy raiders!

The picture *on the right* was taken during an enemy air attack on Valetta: on the left of the view the square-shaped promontory contains the Naval Hospital; to the right of this are the two promontories enclosing the Dockyard Creek; and still farther to the right is Senglea. The large tract of water running across the centre of the view is the Great Harbour—with very little shipping for the bombers to aim at!

"A GERMAN PLANE BOMBING LA VALETTA, biggest and most fortified part of the Island": A picture taken by the enemy over the Great Harbour *(See notes at left)*



THESE ARE STOREHOUSES ON THE ISLAND "exploding during an aerial bombardment"—so the Germans declare. It is more probable, however, that the dense banks of smoke are from exploding bombs: the storehouses are mostly underground and immune from attacks from above

FROM FORT RICASOLI (at bottom) TO VALETTA (in middle distance): A picture taken from a German aircraft during a raid on the harbour. Despite its severe pounding, the Island is still hitting back at the Axis

ITALIAN AIRCRAFT RELEASING STICKS OF BOMBS OVER VALETTA: The aeroplanes are of the Cant Z 1007 Bis type; the black puffs of smoke are from the Island's heavy anti-aircraft barrage

The assault on Malta has been going on for many months. The spirit of the Island remains unbroken, however, and the bravery of the islanders has been recognised by the bestowal of the George Cross. Since the first heavy attacks began, Sir Hugh Lloyd commanded the R.A.F. defenders; only recently did he give up his task on the appointment of Air Vice-Marshal Park, who will, without doubt, carry on in the same wonderful manner. The "aircraft-carrier," as Malta has been designated by the Axis, is still functioning as such: bombers and fighters still fly off its scarred and battered airfields, and the Axis convoys to Africa still have to run the gauntlet in the waters of the Middle Mediterranean. These pictures—from the German side—well illustrate the severity of the attacks to which Malta has been, and is being, subjected

THE ROCKY PROMONTORY BEHIND WHICH LIES THE TOWN OF VALETTA. It is here that Fort St. Elmo is located, and "the British coastal fortifications and anti-aircraft positions are particularly concentrated" (according to the enemy)

A SIGHT WHICH IS COMMON ON THE ISLAND: A German plane which will raid no more. It is one of the hundreds shot down by anti-aircraft gunners and by fighters during recent weeks over Malta

THE WAR BY AIR

—With two Special Sphere *Drawings*

THE FASTEST ARMY CO-OPERATION AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD : The U.S.-built Mustang, which the R.A.F. have been using for their "miniature sweeps" across the Channel—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Mustang is being operated by the Army Co-operation Command, in conjunction with Fighter Command. So far it has been kept to "ground strafing" forays over enemy territory. On the first operational flight of this new U.S.-built aircraft, two hangars and a goods train were gunned, and anti-aircraft batteries were attacked. Other Mustangs have since attacked soldiers on a beach, a factory, light gun positions and a wireless station, in the manner indicated in Mr. Davies's drawing *on the left*. They

SQUARE WING-TIPS AND TAIL (like the German Me. 109) : The Mustang in flight after assembly in Britain

usually hunt in packs of two or three, and they are not liked by the German Army of Occupation in Northern France!

This latest aircraft from the U.S. is a single-seat monoplane, with a square wing and tail very similar to the Messerschmitt 100. Its power derives from a 1,150-h.p. liquid-cooled engine, which makes it the fastest Army Co-operation aircraft in the world. It carries its machine-guns in the wings and nose; and it is capable of making a "noiseless" approach towards its objective at low altitudes.

At a recent demonstration, pilots proved the capabilities of the Mustang in low-level attacks, and showed how quickly it can manœuvre and how hard it can hit. No exact details of its performance have yet been released.

The Mustang is produced by the same American company that produces the well-known Harvard trainer-aircraft.

THE "TOUGHNESS" OF OUR BIG FOUR-ENGINED BOMBERS : A Halifax, with full bomb-racks, is forced to indulge in a violent aerobatic display in order to shake off two German night-fighters whilst on a trip to Bremen—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

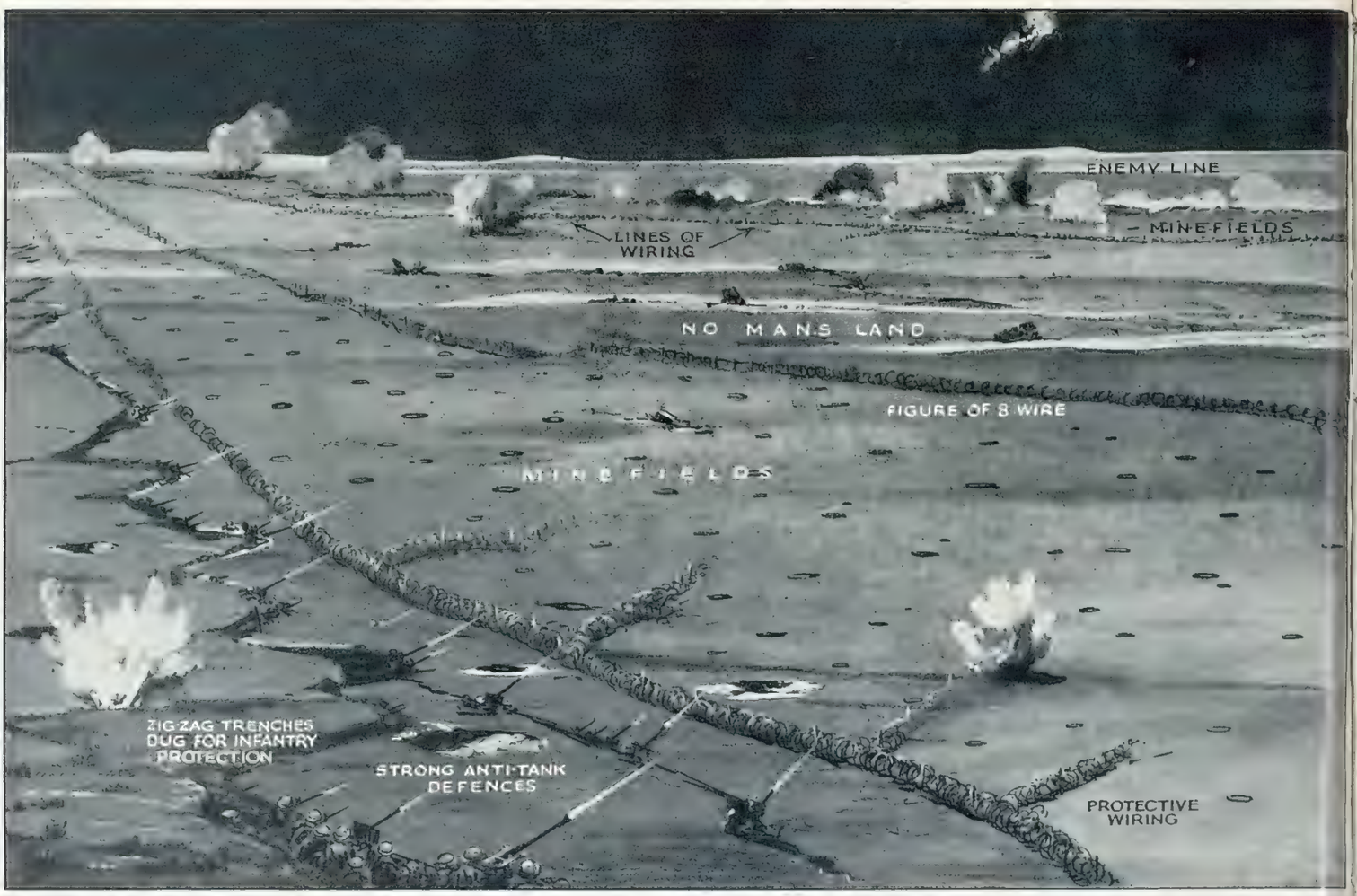
Bound for Bremen recently, with its bomb-racks full, a four-engined Halifax gave an aerobatic demonstration of the "toughness" of a modern big bomber. As the Halifax neared its objective, two German fighters came up, one on each side. So violent was the evasive action taken by the pilot that the huge aircraft actually turned over on its back. Everything loose inside the Halifax hurtled round the heads of the crew! After it had turned over, the aircraft went into a spin. The pilot dived the plane, but it was a terrific job to pull out of the dive, despite that he *stood* on the seat to try to get the stick back. At last he managed to trim the aircraft, and as she came out of the dive she shot up to 3,000 ft. Then the Halifax went on—and duly bombed Bremen!

ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE TERRIFIC R.A.F. RAID ON DUSSELDORF on the night of July 31-August 1. Smoke, principally from the burning Customs House, drifts across the Rhine in the town's dock area—a picture obtained some hours after the raid, in daylight, by reconnaissance aircraft

Last week our frontispiece illustration showed the air-raid damage at Dusseldorf, with fires still burning in the town some hours after the visitation by the R.A.F. Here is another picture taken by reconnaissance aircraft in daylight. Some of the heaviest damage was to buildings along the main streets in the southern part of the town: many warehouses in the dock area, particularly in the Handelshafen (above) and the Holzhafen, have been destroyed and some were still burning when the R.A.F. photographs were taken. The Customs House (on the left above) was in flames; railways were hit, including the main railway line (on the right). Elsewhere industrial, business and residential property was extensively damaged both in town and suburbs. A great deal of the damage inflicted was in predominately industrial areas, and the proportion of factories hit by high explosives or gutted by incendiaries was high. An area of about twelve acres near the dock was completely devastated and an analysis of the industrial damage here had not yet been made when the pictures were released for publication by the Air Ministry

THE NEW AMERICAN TROOPSHIP OF THE AIR: The Curtiss Commando photographed during its first flight in the United States

The famous Curtiss-Wright Corporation are the manufacturers of a number of aircraft types many of these are already well known to the R.A.F.—the Tomahawk, Hawk, and Hell-diver (dive-bomber) amongst them. The Corporation has now designed and put into the air the Commando shown above: this is the newest U.S. troop-transport plane. Some idea of its size can be gained from a comparison with its fighter escort in our picture. The Commando is now being delivered to the U.S. Army Air Corps: it is said to be the largest twin-engined air liner of its kind in the world and is designed to carry large numbers of fully-equipped soldiers. It can also accommodate one or more reconnaissance "Jeep" cars, and even field artillery. Exact details of its capacity have not been published, but, as the new Commando is an adaptation of an earlier type—the C.W.20—its cargo and speed must both be considerable



THE EXTENSION OF THE MINEFIELD IN LIBYA: Both sides have been laying extensive areas with mines and barbed-wire entanglements. The enemy have shown many indications of digging in along the entire position facing east from the sea for a distance of 30 miles to the south—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

It is now known, and has openly been stated, that General Auchinleck's offensive was held up by minefields and anti-tank defences, owing to which his tanks were unable to come to grips with the German armoured forces. As the armoured vehicles were unable to exploit our infantry penetration, the latter were withdrawn in the evening. The minefields are generally surrounded by strands of wire just above the ground, it is reported: these are difficult to see in the daytime and impossible to identify at night. Amongst recent reports from the Alamein front is one to the effect that, in the past few days, numerous German working parties have been observed along the whole front—laying mines, digging gun positions and wiring

LAND-MINES in the DESERT

The Present Methods of the 8th Army, and How These Might be Improved

By DONALD COWIE

PROBABLY the most ambitious mining operation carried out by British land forces was that which formed the basis of General Ritchie's Gazala-Bir Hacheim line, the one on which the 8th Army stood on fatal May 26. It is impossible to say how many land-mines were employed to make that artificial barrier. It depends on what size mines formed the bulk of the field. For what it is worth, however, the orthodox view can be given as to the type and number of mines required for adequate anti-tank defence on an open front. The view is that for every four miles of front at least 100 tons of mines are necessary—some thirty heavy lorry-loads, which it would take 250 men about two hours to bury lightly. But the Bir Hacheim line was approximately 40 miles, so at least 1,000 tons of mines were probably used, requiring a proportionately greater amount of transport and labour. Indeed, the total number of mines used must have been in the neighbourhood of 250,000, as a brief calculation will show. And that is still presuming the principal type of mine was the ten-pounder.

It may seem incredible that such a barrier did not hold up the Germans for longer—they penetrated it at the centre, presumably the thickest part, and got through to the Cauldron in a few days—but possibly the figures given need some qualification. Thus it is probable that the entire Gazala-Bir Hacheim line was not in fact protected by a complete minefield of the orthodox size. To save time and mines, our sappers—and those of the enemy—often place belts of explosives here and there, in echelon, as you place the seeds of your broad beans in the garden. It is then up to the enemy to find a quick passage through the maze, and he may be assisted in this by the work of his intelligence officers. Thus we have often penetrated the German-Italian minefields quickly, thanks to information obtained from Italian prisoners. There have been several cases where we have sent out patrols to capture an Italian for the purpose, with excellent results.

But the fundamental weakness of these minefields is the ease with which the explosive charges can be destroyed or otherwise rendered harmless. It only needs a few bombs or light howitzer shells to detonate the little "pancakes" as they lurk a few inches beneath the sand. The orthodox method of making them harmless, again, is to send out parties of sappers to locate them and remove their fuses or take the mines away; but the Germans, in particular, have usually been too

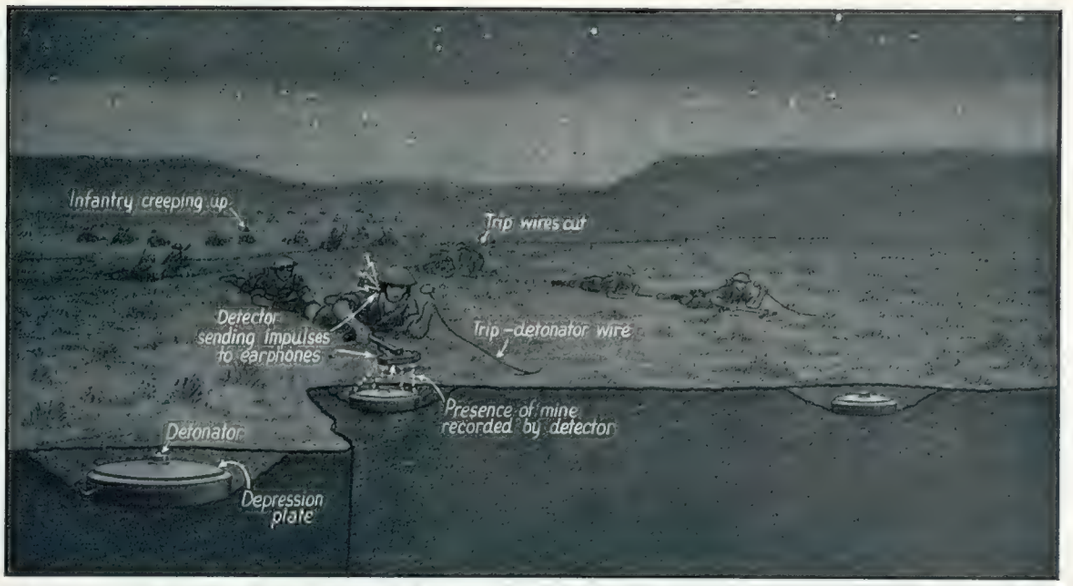
HOW THE BRITISH MARK IV MINES ARE LAID THROUGHOUT THE DESERT—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

Crates of mines go forward in trucks, and working parties distribute these to the sappers, who put in the fuses and place them in holes previously dug by the infantry. The safety-pin is then withdrawn and more infantry follow up and fill in the holes. Wire is sometimes placed at strategic points to force the enemy into the minefield. The British mine is 8 ins. in diameter and contains 8 lb. of explosive. It has proved an important factor against Rommel in Libya and in Egypt.

impatient for that, and it is most likely that Ritchie's line was pierced perfunctorily by the simple expedient of blasting portions of it out of the way.

There have been several instances where the shells of the guns firing to cover the tanks' advance have detonated or damaged a certain number of mines automatically, and so prepared the way, or indicated the way. The Germans have been known to bomb the desert carefully in search of minefields; there has been talk of wireless-controlled vehicles—from Russia, this—which, sent forward across No Man's Land, have quickly caused the tell-tale explosions.

Therefore it does seem that a wise commander would hesitate before putting overmuch trust in modern "pancake" minefields as real barriers. Always it is only a matter of time before they are pierced; and they should never be regarded as any more than short-term deterrents, having the same sort of temporary nuisance value as wire, rivers and ordinary tank traps. One cannot help feeling that far too much was made at the time of the Gazala-Bir Hacheim fields. The psychological effect is to give a false, ostrich sense of security, which, when disappointed, leads to a quick crumbling of the real defences.



BRITISH INFANTRY HELD UP BY A GERMAN "TELLER" MINEFIELD—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The Germans surround themselves by extensive minefields which have caused delay in our infantry attacks in Egypt: the minefields have then to be pierced by the method shown above. A small number of troops crawl forward carrying a magnetic detector: when near a mine, this sends a screaming buzz to the operator's earphones. His companion behind then marks the spot, and the following sappers proceed to render the mine harmless. The German "Teller" has a diameter of 12 ins. and contains 11 lb. of explosive

HOW LAND-MINES ARE DETECTED: The operator with earphones listens for the buzz which indicates the presence of the mine. In his left hand is carried the wire used in a forward sweeping movement to detect the trip wires fixed to the mines. The man behind crawls forward and marks the spot when a mine has been located

In any case, these small, modern mines rarely do serious damage to a large tank. Quite a small and light mine suffices to break a track plate, but plates can be replaced quickly, and the latest tanks have their own means of protection.

The lesson of Libya may well be that a heavier, or at least a more vicious, kind of mine is necessary to make large-scale land mine-laying worth while. Doubtless this question is being explored, both by ourselves and by the enemy. It should not be beyond the ingenuity of sappers and scientists to devise a new kind of explosive or detonator for the purpose. Electricity should play an increasingly important part in the future. Theoretically, the land-mine may be one of the most valuable weapons in our armoury, especially in the desert, where natural defences are few and far between. Practically, however, the land-mines we have been using have not been as effective as they might have been, while it is possible that they have sometimes led our commanders and gallant men badly astray.

HOW THE MINES ARE SENT UP TO THE FORWARD AREA: Each one of these contains a deadly charge of high explosive

BACKING OUT OF A MINEFIELD WHICH HAS BEEN ENTERED BY MISTAKE IS A TICKLISH BUSINESS: The truck shown had to be coaxed back along its own track, the men previously dismounting and gingerly threading their way back to the wire and safety—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

This incident occurred to some of our men recently in the desert: the leading truck of a party drove slap through the centre of a minefield. When it had been stopped and the desperateness of its position became apparent, it was decided to get the men out first: they had to pick their way carefully to the edge of the field. Then the driver set the hand throttle, slipped the engine into gear, and jumped out. It was an extraordinary and tense scene, under a broiling sun—the truck driver standing on his own in the centre of the minefield and the truck heading slowly backward of its own accord. It stopped; the driver picked his way forward and started it again; until at last it emerged safely from danger

THE PADRE IN WARTIME

The Work of the Parsons of the Royal Army Chaplains' Department

WHEREVER Britain's fighting men engage the enemy there are men who face the same dangers whose only weapon is the will to help their fellows in time of need. Affectionately nicknamed by the troops "Sky Pilots," they are the parsons of the Royal Army Chaplains' Department.

Although the first care of the Army chaplain is that of the spiritual welfare of the men under his charge, the duties they are called upon to fulfil cover a very much wider field. Philosopher and friend is the real relationship they are out to establish, and to do this their job does not cease when they have officiated at a service on Sunday.

As a section of the British Army, they have not yet reached a century. An organised Chaplains' Department was established in 1858, and granted the prefix "Royal" after the Great War. Although the War Office appoints its chaplains, the churches themselves nominate the men who serve with the Army at home and abroad. Church of England, Nonconformists, Jews and Roman Catholics—all supply their quota of spiritual leaders to the Army, besides the many local parsons who attach themselves temporarily to troops quartered in their parish.

One chaplain is appointed to each Army battalion, which means that each "sky pilot" serves approximately 1,000 men. He becomes part of the organisation of that body of men, and where they go he goes, too. During the week he dresses in the conventional dress of a British officer, except for his clerical collar, and messes with his fellow-officers. When he conducts the rites of his religious sect he wears the robes of his church, although under the skirt of his cassock may be seen the khaki-clad legs of his everyday uniform.

In the early days of the Chaplains' Department, they were called upon to look after much of the material as well as the spiritual welfare of the troops. Before the formation of the Corps of Army Schoolmasters, later the Army Educational Corps, such educational work as was done was the responsibility of chaplains. On Sunday they taught the tenets of the Church; on weekdays reading, writing and arithmetic. The welfare of the men in their unit was another charge of the "sky pilot." He advised them in their material troubles, and helped them to settle the difficulties of their lives.

THE LONE FIGURE OF AN ENGLISH PADRE
fighting zone in the Egyptia

"A slight man wearing a tin hat and carrying a portable gramophone and record case passed near the observation-post and tramped down the ridge towards the forward company's position. 'That 's our padre on the way to hold a service for the forward company,' the battalion commander said. "The padre believes that front-line soldiers enjoy the music better than any other part of a religious service, so he bought a gramophone and records

Nowadays, both education and welfare may be included in the work of the chaplain, but proper provision is also made through Education and Welfare Officers to relieve him of the full responsibility for these two essential aids to the soldier's well-being. A chaplain may give lectures on subjects in which he is expert, or assist the Welfare Officer to entertain the men, but he is left with more time to establish real contact with the men in his unit.

Social work of the fighting parson often takes the form of dealing with the more intimate problems of his men. Letters from home from sweethearts and wives sometimes give rise to anxiety, and it is in this type of difficulty that the knowledgeable chaplain has his great opportunity to give valuable help

going out to perform his duties within the actual desert—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

to fill the need. He held a service yesterday morning on the Hill of Jesus (Tel el Eisa). An occasional enemy shell burst within a few hundred yards, but the front-line men sat listening without movement while the gramophone played two excerpts from *The Messiah*—'And the Glory of the Lord' and the 'Hallelujah Chorus'—and John McCormack's recording of 'The Lost Chord'"—*From* The Times *of July* 21, 1942

and the benefit of a wide experience. He may even be called upon to write the letters of his men, although the standard of present-day education makes this task more rare than it was in the past. On active service the "sky pilot" may even have the monotonous job of censoring the letters of the men in his unit.

The twentieth-century padre may ride a motor-cycle on his parochial visits. The men under his care may be manning scattered gun- and searchlight-posts, and in their isolated life they appreciate the periodic visit of the parson. He may not only bring with him the opportunity of attending a Christian service, but also may be able to cheer them with music and news from home. When a chaplain first joins the Department he is sent to a school for a fortnight. During that short time he has many things to learn; many to forget. No longer is he the centre of a faithful congregation as he was in his local church. His sermons will often be preached on an open parade-ground in the future, and to men often bored by their compulsory attendance at church.

He must learn to salute and be taught something of Army discipline and law. The latter is most important. If he is to be of real assistance to his men he must know enough of the laws that govern them to help when they run into trouble. When he accompanies the troops on active service there will be no altar from which to give Holy Communion, so the chaplain is given a field-Communion set, which he can carry round with him in an attaché case In it are the sacred vessels and an altar-cloth so that he can set up his church in any room or out in the open air.

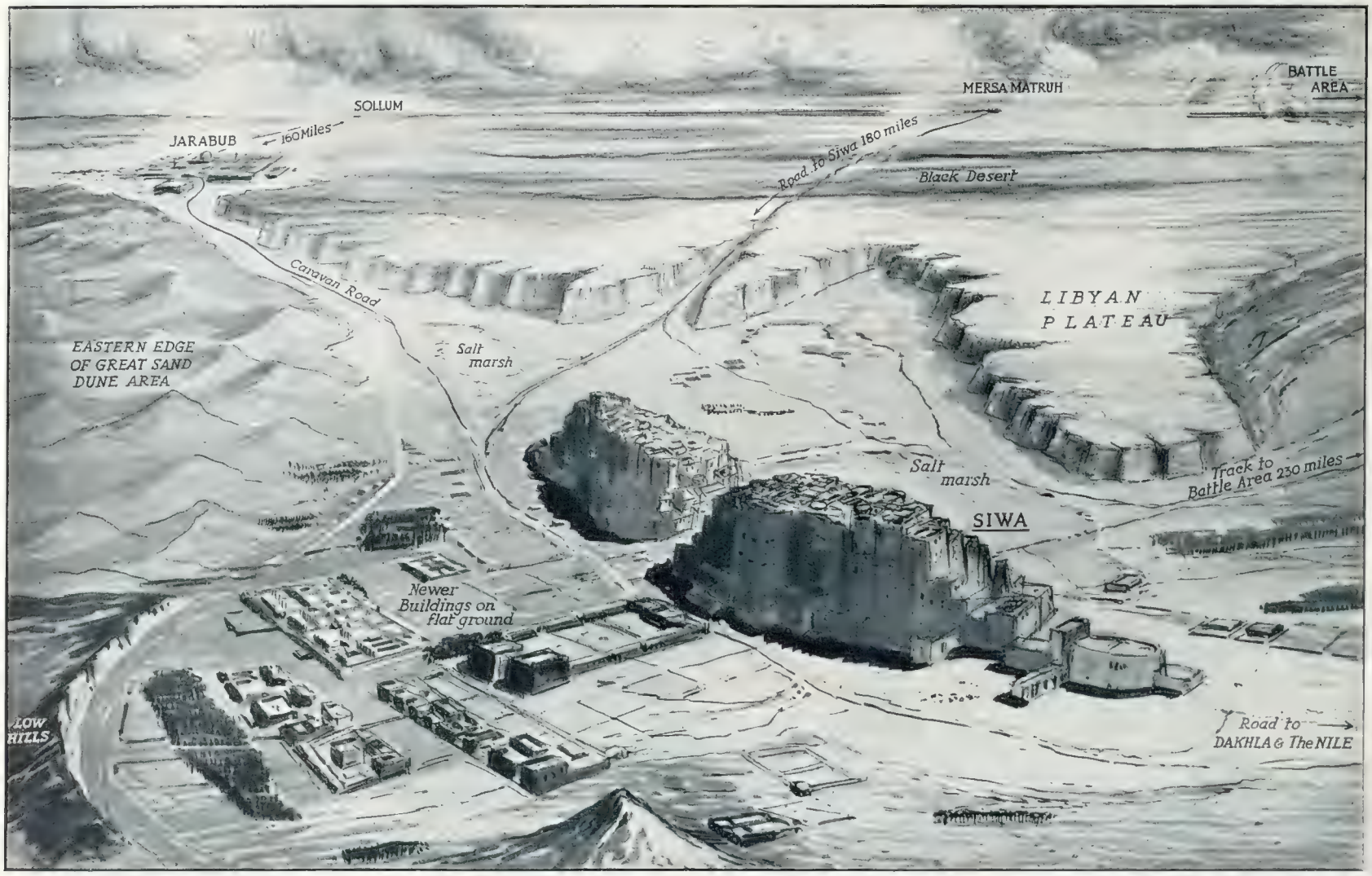
Prepared for the military counterpart of his ordinary calling, the duly commissioned padre goes to battle with the knowledge that it is within his power to cheer and help the men amongst whom he is going to work. Amongst the desert sand-dunes you may see him going from one group to another, carrying with him an old gramophone with which to brighten tired spirits. He holds an important job which can do much to keep up the morale of our fighting men.

In fighting such as that in the Libyan Desert, the chaplain will stick with his men in the thick of the battle. Wherever human suffering needs comfort he will be found ministering to bodily and spiritual needs. When things are quiet he may make his headquarters with a medical unit, and there amongst the sick and wounded he finds plenty of worth-while work. To show the varied extent of the work he is called upon to undertake, it is worth mentioning that there have been recorded cases of the padre organising the retreat of his men when the other officers had died in battle.

During both this and the last war there have been many examples of outstanding heroism by the Army padres. In their duty of succouring the injured and mortally wounded they sometimes crawl out over the battlefield, oblivious of bursting shells and all personal danger.

In applying Christianity to social service the chaplain often has big opportunities to display his ability. Recently a Roman Catholic padre decided that the men under his care needed a club in which to enjoy their leisure hours. His was an outpost parish, and the only chance of providing such amenities was by getting together volunteers who would work when off duty. The priest himself learned to mix concrete, and soldiers quartered in the district did their part in helping to make a dream into reality.

SCENES IN THE EGYPTIAN FIGHTING: And the Enemy Advance to Siwa



THE OCCUPATION OF THE JARABUB AND SIWA OASES BY ITALIAN FORCES far to the south of the present fighting area in Egypt. Both these places were formerly in British hands, until the recent retreat of the 8th Army to the Alamein positions—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE question whether the Axis would make any advance southwards towards the desert routes leading to the Nile has frequently been under discussion. The difficulties of transport, water and supplies were thought to have rendered such an advance by any considerable force quite impossible of achievement. And, in fact, no move was made by the Axis until the closing days of last month, when it was then announced that the historic oasis of Siwa had been entered by a light Italian force—together with Jarabub, the Senussi Zawia town to the north-west, at which latter religious settlement the Italians had added one of their battlemented fortresses.

Jarabub was occupied by a British armoured "cavalry" detachment at the time of the advance towards El Agheila: and both Jarabub and Siwa had been held for some time by small British forces, until the recent retreat from Libya made the withdrawal of these garrisons necessary.

The obvious route to Siwa would be by way of Jarabub, where there is a caravan route to Siwa and the Nile. It is possible that the enemy have been feeling their way down the tracks leading to the

TANK TACTICS IN THE DESERT ARE NOW CHANGING: No longer do they engage in "free-for-alls," but they approach the enemy cautiously in two lines, shaping up for the duel which is to follow—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Experience of tank combat in the desert has proved that all-in, hand-to-hand melees are very costly: tanks on both sides now feel their way cautiously in columns after the manner of battleships at sea—firing as they pass at a greater range than heretofore. Tank battles, therefore, are not those mad, thrilling, "free-for-alls" that they were last winter: the enemy has not a great number of tanks left (despite all that has been written about *our* losses!), and he is not disposed to risk what he has. "He withdraws artistically," writes one correspondent, "trying to entice our tanks on to his anti-tank guns. But we have been caught before and we won't be enticed. Most tank losses nowadays result from field-artillery fire, or some ambush or mistake"

THE PART OF THE GUNNERS IN THE EGYPTIAN BATTLES: Much has depended upon their constant and exposed work, and this drawing has been made to show the rigorous conditions under which they have been operating—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

"There is no doubt that so far British and Dominion guns have been the saving factor of the 8th Army," wrote a competent observer recently in connection with the fighting in Egypt. "Every attack which the enemy has hurled in against our positions has been thrust back and battered by barrages of shells which have given mighty support to our armoured forces." The phrase "artillery duel" may be just a phrase in London, but men on the spot have described it as "irregular thunder rolling just beyond the ridge," with plumes of smoke being dragged by the wind along the sky-line. The stocky little 25-pounders are usually strung out in groups of four among the tough, dry camel scrub: the crews are stripped to the waist, grimy and sweating. Sometimes they rest and boil strong tea or prepare one of those heavy, starchy meals which the British Army seems to like even in an African summer. Then they go into action and work in smooth, rhythmical co-operation; while the guns fire with their sharp, full-bodied crack, and puffs of acrid smoke blow back in the gunners' faces

western edge of the Qattara Depression; but no major movement—so far—has been reported other than the Italian advance already referred to. The route from Mersa Matruh—180 miles to the north—is an old-established one, and a well-maintained road crosses the "Black Desert" to the oasis.

Siwa is an extraordinary place, comparatively unknown until recent times, which contains a mass of buildings piled high one upon the other: much of the upper portions of these dried mud and salt houses have decayed within recent years, since their evacuation by their former tenants after the buildings had been declared unsafe and the occupying families had been moved to more suitable dwelling-places erected on the flat ground near by.

By the dispersal of his forces in the manner referred to here, it may be that Rommel is considering some method of outflanking the 8th Army at the Alamein line—but it is difficult to see how this could be accomplished, owing to the very great difficulties which any force of size would encounter. But that there is *some* method in the Axis madness must certainly be assumed, as the German commander is far too astute to disperse and waste the forces at his disposition.

FIREWORKS IN THE NILE DELTA—The end of a Ju. 88 shot down by anti-aircraft fire: Now that the battle zone has come so close to the Nile Delta, that region is experiencing a number of attacks by German bombers. But not all the luck has fallen to the bombers! There have been notable scores by the anti-aircraft defences, and by night fighters: one of the latter is seen at work in the drawing by Mr. Davies *on the right*. The official picture reproduced *above* shows another German bomber meeting its end after having been shot down by A.-A. fire over the Delta. At the right of the picture can be seen a trail of fire as the blazing aircraft dives to earth: in the centre are streaks of A.-A. fire, whilst the sky is dotted with shell bursts

A GERMAN BOMBER COMING DOWN IN FLAMES OVER THE PYRAMIDS after a raid on the Nile Delta: These raids are now becoming common over Egypt—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

SMOKE-SCREENS at SEA

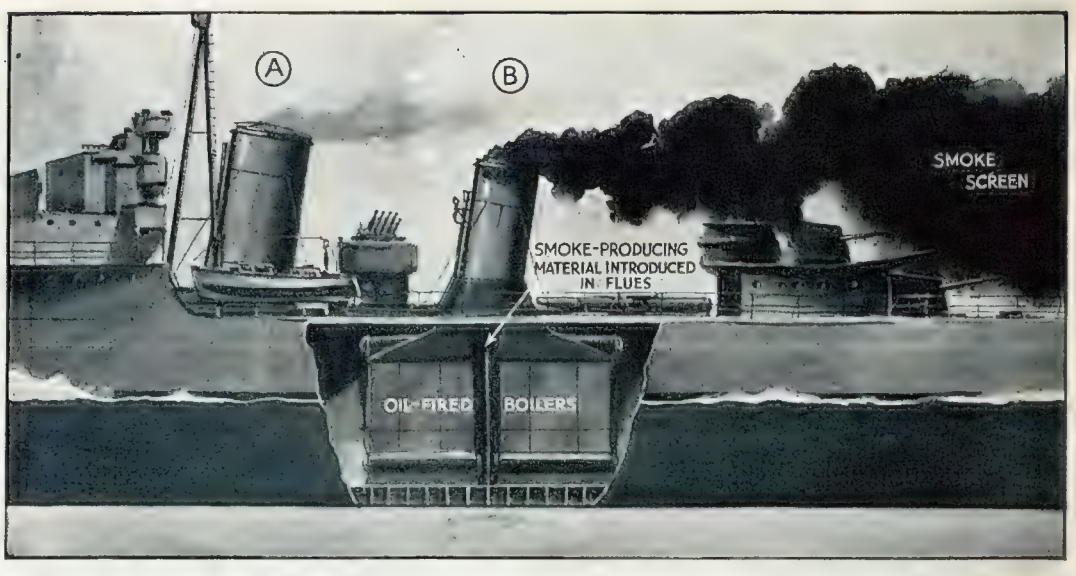
The Pros and Cons Discussed

By ARTHUR BARRETT

NAVAL actions are so rarely fought under conditions of perfect visibility, and the consequences of poor visibility from any cause are so disturbing to gunnery and manœuvre, that it is not surprising that much attention should have been given to the art of producing bad visibility conditions at will by smoke-screens.

Any steam-propelled ship can produce a large volume of smoke quite easily—the stoker's art lies rather in the other direction—and in the days of coal-fired warships the ability to bunker solely with the smokeless, hard Welsh coal was quite an important tactical advantage to our Navy. Oil-firing is now universal among men-of-war, of course, and when the command "make smoke" is received down below, it calls for little more than the adjustment of a valve on the fire-box doors of one or two of the boilers. In modern ships the fuel oil is "atomised" as it is fed into the furnaces, by being forced at high pressure through an adjustable nozzle, and the oil spray so produced burns with great fierceness, though producing little more than a heat haze at the top of the funnel. But if the nozzle is opened so that the oil enters the furnaces in a coarse jet instead of a spray, combustion becomes very imperfect, and most of the oil is vomited up the smoke-stack as a heavy, greasy black cloud which drifts and swirls about the surface of the water for a surprisingly long time.

If the vessels making the screen then steam down-wind, emitting more smoke as they go, they will leave behind them a dense, protective cloud which will prevent the enemy's guns doing more than shell at random.



A PART-SECTION OF A DESTROYER, showing how smoke-screens are produced—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

(A) The modern warship's oil-fired boilers are so well designed and so efficient that even at top speed nothing is seen from the funnels but a slight haze of smoke. **(B)** It is this efficiency which makes it easy to create a smoke-screen. Suitable material introduced into the upper flues is incompletely burned, and thus produces a large amount of soot. When a light-coloured smoke is required, it is produced by chemical generation, either on the ship's deck or from floats which are thrown overboard

THE SMOKE-SCREEN (of white smoke, in contrast to the heavy black pall left by a destroyer's funnels) : The destroyer, escorting a convoy which is under shell-fire from the shore, is laying a screen of smoke between the ships and the land. This is done by the use of chlor-sulphonic acid, which produces a dense white (or light grey) smoke and which is operated from drums at the stern of the vessel—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

But for the many vessels which are now not steam-driven, ranging from motor torpedo-boats to the large Diesel-driven merchant vessels, smoke has to be produced by other means. Even with warships it is not always desired to upset steaming conditions, and it must be remembered that if a furnace is making smoke it cannot also make steam effectively at the same time. Chemical methods of smoke-making are now extensively employed. A destroyer escorting a convoy will now have at least three methods of making a smoke-screen—first, her boilers, then smoke-floats which can be dropped overboard and also depth-charge-like drums of chlor-sulphonic acid, a substance which has the property of producing a dense white fog as soon as it comes in contact with air.

The smoke-floats were, if the writer remembers rightly, invented by Commander Brock, of fireworks fame, during the last war. They contain yellow phosphorus and ignite automatically on being dropped overboard, producing dense clouds of white smoke. Their first large-scale use was on the famous Zeebrugge raid by the *Vindictive* and her consorts on St. George's Day, 1918. One may go so far as to say that only an effective smoke-screen made the attack possible in face of the heavy guns the enemy had available. The screens were laid by the M.L.s of the Dover Patrol, and aided by the light north-east wind, worked so well that, although the fleet put out from Dover in broad daylight, the *Vindictive* got within 400 yards of the Mole before a shift of wind dispersed the smoke-screen and gave the Germans their first hint of what was afoot.

The chlor-sulphonic acid method of smoke production is an interesting example of chemical ingenuity, for the normal peacetime uses of this chemical are in the dyestuffs industry and also for making saccharin. It is a water-white liquid, stable only when kept sealed from the air. In naval use the drums are kept in racks at the stern of the vessel. When the contents are released a thick white fog is immediately evolved, of a very unpleasant acidic character. But since this is left behind by the vessel making the screen, the unpleasantness concerns the pursuers rather than the pursued.

This war has not yet produced any such spectacular use of naval smoke-screens as the Zeebrugge raid.

There has, however, been at least one very important occasion on which they were used, and that was during the River Plate action with the *Graf Spee*. Oddly enough, as it may seem, it was the larger German vessel which made use of the screen here, not the lighter British ships, though the smoke-screen is usually regarded as the weapon of the weaker vessel. During the later stages of this action, Captain Langsdorf in the *Graf Spee* decided to take shelter in Montevideo and used smoke in an attempt to cover his retreat. In the actual event, however, the screen helped us at least as much as it did him. If only one vessel is laying a smoke-screen, its position is obviously somewhere ahead of the cloud. Now, the smoke does not cling closely to the ship, but lags behind, forming a solid wall on the water astern. Between the ship and the smoke-screen, therefore, there is usually a patch of clear water depending in size on the speed of the ship and the strength of the wind.

In the case of the *Graf Spee*, the main smoke-screen lagged about three miles behind her as she sped for safety. This suited our light cruisers admirably. They steamed through the screen up to the edge of the clear space, fired and then slid back in the smoke again. The *Spee's* gunners thus never had more than a few seconds in which to aim and fire, and they had three ships to hit.

In general, however, the screen is the weapon of the weaker force, used either to screen the withdrawal of a crippled ship or to protect the withdrawal of a weaker fleet or convoy from action. It is laid then by destroyers, as a rule, for the simple reason that they alone possess the necessary speed to steam up-wind round the fleet and do the job in the time available. If the wind is of any strength, however, it is not always an effective ruse. Most merchant vessels now have experience in smoke-raising to deter attack by submarines. They can, if steam-driven, make the smoke in their furnaces by heavy firing and admitting excess air. They are also now commonly equipped with chemical smoke-producers. The necessity to steam down-wind to stay with the smoke as long as possible limits the effectiveness of the plan. Submarines now usually hunt in packs, and some of them take care to station themselves down-wind of the convoy before the attack is made. But the smoke is at least some help, even here, and results in some extra security to the weaker vessel at a time when all aid is precious.

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ARRIVAL in NORTH RUSSIA

THE BUSY SCENE AT A NORTH RUSSIAN PORT, as ships bringing war supplies arrive and unload their precious cargoes at one of the now ice-free harbours

RATINGS ABOARD AN OCEAN-GOING ESCORT TRAWLER on the route to Russia painting lifebelts and calcium flares during the passage through the northern waters

HOW THE AMERICAN TANKS ARE CONVEYED as deck cargo to North Russia: Hoisted above the deck is one of the new life-saving rafts ready for instant launching

A THREE-TURRET, U.S. TANK ARRIVES—along with scores of others—at the Russian port of entry, after having braved the perils, by sea and air, of the North Atlantic crossing

THE WEATHER ON THE NORTHERN ROUTE TO RUSSIA CAN BE INTENSELY BITTER: The decks of the trawlers are often sheeted with ice, and special clothing has to be issued to the crews of the escorts in winter

EVERY AVAILABLE FOOT OF DECK SPACE IS TIGHT-PACKED with heavy tanks for our Russian allies: This is how the U.S.-built vehicles arrive at a North Russian port

THE AMERICAN ARMY IN BRITAIN

What is Being Done for Their Welfare and Amusement in Special Clubs and in Sports, in Canteens and in Entertainment. With a Description of the Work of the Special Service Branch of the American Expeditionary Force

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is quite apparent that very large numbers of American troops have arrived in this country—soldiers, gobs, and airmen, and there are many thousands more to come. What is being done for them by their own Administration? And what are we doing for them? The answer is "Plenty."

What was formerly known as the Morale Branch is now known as the Special Service Branch of the American Expeditionary Force. This takes care of athletics, recreation, and the printing and distributing of Service magazines. The Special Service Branch deals primarily with the off-duty hours of the American troops. The entertainment and guidance of troops on leave is handled by the American Red Cross. In the last war, various organisations dealt with this side, and overlapped in many cases.

The word "morale" sounds slightly self-conscious to British ears. But it really indicates the equivalent of Army Welfare in this country. I asked an American officer in charge of morale in the London district how he defined it. He said: "It is an intangible thing. It is the spirit, the will, the desire of the soldier to produce his best. You know—if the morale of a baseball team is good, it is pepped up and has the will to win. Its members are proud and snappy. If morale is poor—the men are grouchy, and there is a certain amount of beefing."

On the athletic side, every effort is being made to arrange facilities for gymnasium space, baseball diamonds, games equipment, and schedules for games. Americans are finding that it is not easy to produce billiard-tables. But ping-pong tables are less difficult to acquire. Officers in the Special Service Branch are locating swimming-pools, skating-rinks, and every facility for basket-ball, volley-ball, and soft ball. The Paddington recreation ground has been lent for baseball practice. Matches have been arranged at Wembley, Richmond, Dorking and Norwich. Some of the American troops practise in Hyde Park. It is the aim of the Special Service Branch to arrange for movies twice a week, and dances once a week in the various American centres. Efforts are also being made to arrange for A.T.S., W.R.N.S. and W.A.A.F. to go to these dances.

The American Overseas Artists are the equivalent of E.N.S.A., and, beginning the other day with a show at the Palladium, they have now given twenty-eight performances to American troops in their encampments.

There are two Army magazines. One is the *Yank*, published in America and sent over to this country; the other is *Stars and Stripes*, printed here. It has local correspondents in all the American camps, and provides a valuable service for the American troops, giving information about theatres and cinemas in this country, as well as home news from all parts of the United States.

The American Red Cross deals specifically with men on leave. At the moment, forty-eight hours is the maximum period granted, the average being twenty-four hours.

It is planned to have sixty clubs for the troops throughout the British Isles. To-day, Saturday, August 15, the tenth club is being inaugurated in Glasgow, with Sir Harry Lauder as the star artist. The first to be opened was the Eagle Club in Charing Cross Road, which was in operation before the United States entered the war. The second was the Washington Club in Curzon Street. The American Red Cross authorities took over the Washington Hotel lock, stock and barrel, modernised it, and set the pace for all future clubs in the British Isles. There is the United States Officers' Club which has taken over the Bachelors' Club in South Audley Street; there is a club in Edinburgh (on the premises of the Royal Hotel in Prince's Street); there is the Milestone Club in Kensington; and several others. These clubs provide everything that a soldier could hope for in his wildest dreams. He can get bed and breakfast for half a crown. There are snack-bars, dining-rooms, lounges, and a Personal Hospitality Department.

At which point it is advisable to explain to kindly English people that they should not be surprised or hurt if American troops at this juncture should not always accept their invitations. If you or I were going to be in New York for twenty-four hours, it is most improbable that we would accept invitations from people in Brooklyn, however well-meant. The American troops are only human, and if they have a bare twenty-four hours in London, they naturally want to do a certain amount of sight-seeing—Buckingham Palace and London Bridge are the two most popular spots—and then have fun at night.

One of the great attractions of the clubs for American troops is that they have a large map of the United States labelled "Is there someone here from your home town?...Watch the flags." The map is dotted with tiny red flags with the name and home address of the American soldiers who are using the Club at the moment. At the Washington this week I counted eight from Georgia, two from Alaska, two from Florida, and eight from California. Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York were smothered in flags.

Among the other advantages of these clubs is that the troops can get doughnuts, American newspapers, Coco-Cola, and various other drinks and foods with which they are familiar. There is room for 300 men to sleep at the Washington alone, and various hotels in the neighbourhood are being evacuated to provide for several hundred more. The Club in Edinburgh is much used by American sailors, who arrive at 3 p.m., change their dollars into English currency, dump their kit in their bedrooms, rush out to see the sights, and generally enjoy themselves. At 5 a.m., a tough little Scotsman goes to each bedroom, pulls up the blinds, and gets them out of bed for 5.30 a.m. breakfast before returning at 6 a.m. to their ships.

Many theatres and cinemas provide free seats for the American troops. At the Washington Club last week there were batches of free seats for *Blithe Spirit*, *Morning Star* and *Rebecca*. There were also free seats at the Carlton Theatre the Leicester Square Theatre, and the New Victoria.

At present there is a newspaper campaign instructing us in the art of entertaining the American troops. We have been told to "ask the Doughboys back to tea," and have been given a list of pleasant conversational headings and endless do's and don't's for our enlightenment and guidance. In fact, you might really think that the American Expeditionary Force had landed on these shores as tourists and not as allies.

At a cocktail-party the other day given for the Americans in London I talked with a number of American Army officers who had recently landed. The bunch I met on this occasion all appeared to be earnest, anxious to understand us, and deeply puzzled by conditions over here. One young lieutenant from San Francisco told me that this was the first time he had ever been outside the U.S.A. He admitted that he found English country people a little unresponsive, and that the cares of the war seemed to sit heavily on their shoulders.

"You in London seem to rise above the war," he said.

I asked if he meant that we rise above it from the food point of view.

"Yes," he replied, and went on to tell me that twice in the country he had been horribly embarrassed because his hosts had been obviously so short of the wherewithal to entertain him. "Not," he added, "that they had seemed in the least put out by the situation."

A young captain from Maryland was giving me his impressions of London, and I remarked that it was a pity that London was not looking its best just now.

"Ah, well," he said comfortably, "it never has been a very clean or smart city, has it?", and he went on to say, "and as for your 'blitzed' buildings, we don't notice them any more than you do."

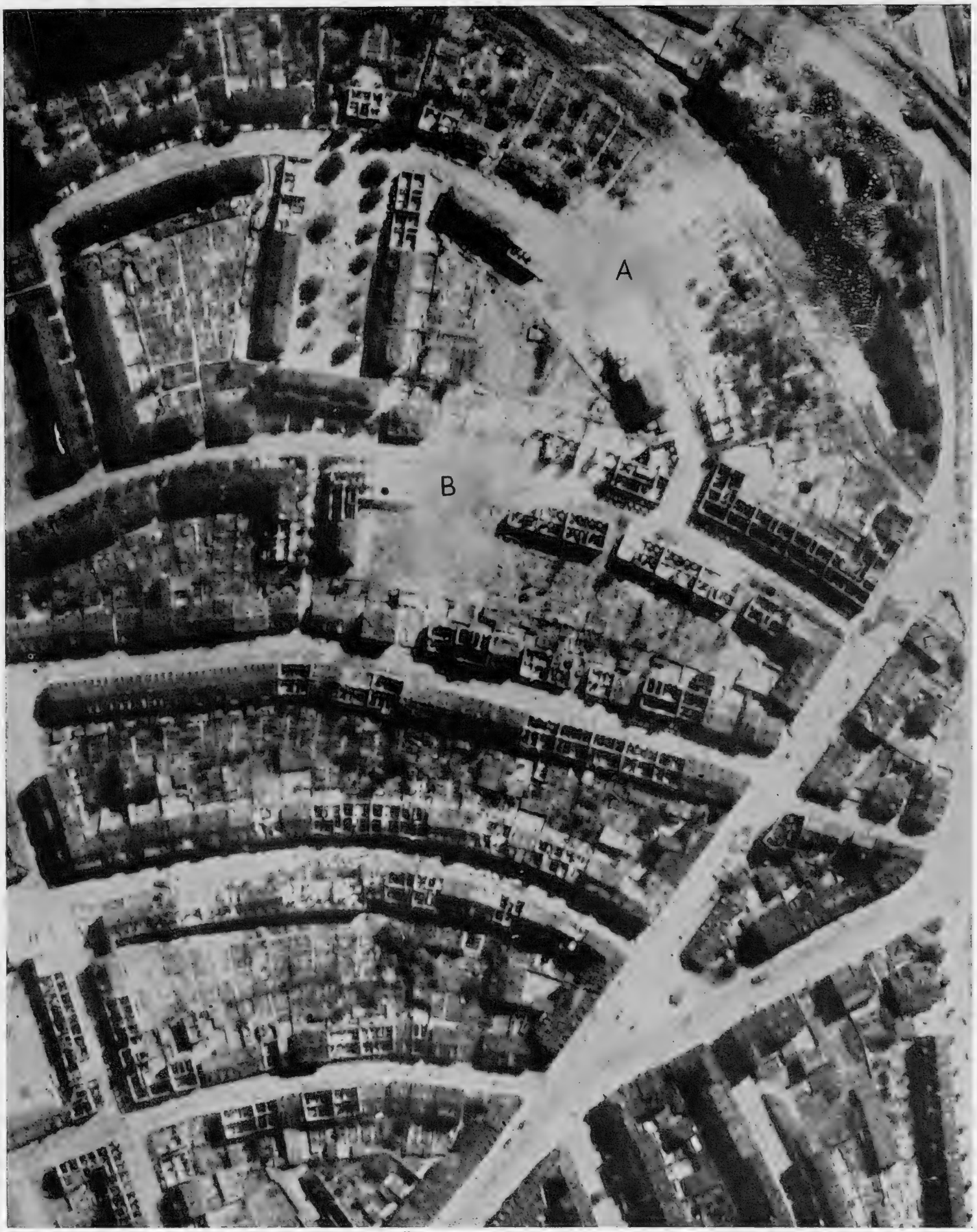
He obviously meant his remarks to be kindly, and I had not the heart to tell him that if this was his home town, and he had known the buildings personally, he *would* notice their absence even if he said nothing about it. It was also tempting to point out that if the houses opposite or next door to those in which he was quartered were knocked down that very night, he would be almost certain to notice their absence, not only next morning but for a considerable time afterwards.

The pamphlet issued by the War Department of Washington introducing the English to the American troops is an extraordinarily good job of work. It is only a pity that this did not include an exact list of rations in this country, pointing out the impossibility of entertaining either our own friends, or guests, unless it is on the Dutch-treat system. Over here it is an understood thing that people bring their own rations when they feed or stay in other people's houses. If this custom was clearly understood by the Americans, much embarrassment would be saved all round.

But about this pamphlet—from which excerpts have appeared in the Press. I cannot agree with some of it—such as the suggestion that a two-shilling-piece is "fairly rare"; or that 3d. is pronounced "thruppence." Personally I pronounce it "thrippence." On the other hand, there are valuable suggestions such as "Remember that crossing the ocean does not automatically make you a hero. There are housewives in aprons and youngsters in pants in Britain who have lived through more high-explosives in air raids than many soldiers saw in first-class barrages in the last war."

Other points are (1) that many American troops do not take leave in London because they believe even now that they cannot get a square meal; (2) that there is a slight cleavage between the Eagle Club and the Washington Club in London—the former being used by Americans serving with the British forces; (3) that the Command performance and Jack Benny's programme are naturally very popular with American troops over here; (4) that care is taken in probing the credentials (from a security angle) of people inviting Americans to cocktail parties and the like; (5) that distant relatives of American troops do back-flips to entertain them; (6) that American troops are not now allowed to marry over here—a fact which may prevent undue attempts on the part of mothers with marriageable daughters from issuing broadcast invitations to American troops; (7) that radio sets able to pick up U.S. transmissions are hard to find.

A CLUB FOR THE AMERICAN FORCES: A view of one of the lounges of the Washington Club in Curzon Street. This was formerly the Washington Hotel, and has been taken over by the American Red Cross and recently opened by Mr. J. Winant, the American Ambassador. Bedrooms, a dance floor, reading and writing-rooms, and a very efficient information bureau are at the disposal of the troops



THE EFFECT OF TWO VERY HEAVY BOMBS WHICH FELL IN SAARBRÜCKEN ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 29-30—The total destruction which ensued over an area of approximately two and a half acres—*An official Air Ministry photograph*

WHAT the NEW R.A.F. BOMBS DO

An Illuminating Picture After a Raid on a Pivotal Point of the Western Germany Railway System

On the night of July 29-30 the R.A.F. attacked Saarbrücken for the first time since November 1940. This is a pivotal point of Western Germany's railway system which, before the war, gave Germany a fifth of her pig iron and steel and one-tenth of her coal. Reconnaissance photographs secured later indicated the nature of the damage inflicted: this was very extensive, and affected the Ehrhart and Schemer engineering works, the Burbacher ironworks, the main goods station (where half the buildings were destroyed), the main passenger station, and the cement works. Business premises over a wide area were destroyed or damaged by bombs and gutted by fire. The official Air Ministry picture reproduced *above* shows the effect of two very heavy bombs which fell in the town. The points of impact were at **A** and **B**, and the white areas centring on these points show the total destruction over an area of approximately 2½ acres. Closer examination reveals the damage suffered from bomb blast, houses and premises being open to the sky with their roofs gone. Including the 2½ acres of complete destruction, the total area affected was about sixteen acres.

THE F.W.190 PHOTOGRAPHED AS IT WAS BEING FLOWN BY A BRITISH PILOT AFTER ITS CAPTURE: The aircraft is here seen flattening out after a dive; the picture emphasises the wide wing-span and the finely-tapered tail. The F.W. 190 has a speed of nearly 400 m.p.h.

SECRETS of the F.W. 190

Germany's Latest and Fastest Fighter Aircraft

Since the F.W.190, with its revolutionary design, first appeared on the Western Front early this year, R.A.F. fighter pilots had done their best to chase one over the Channel to a home airfield. The Germans were warned not to risk capture of their secret machine, and F.W.190s broke off combat whenever the fighting approached our shores. But some weeks ago a plane of this type was brought down on the South Coast by our Spitfires. The F.W.190 was taken away and repaired for the scientists and aircraft experts to test. It has been dismantled, examined and flown, and all its secrets are now known to us. The plane's chief secret is its 1,580-h.p. radial air-cooled engine, stated to be the most efficient and compact motor of its type yet produced. The F.W.190 has an armament consisting of four cannon and two machine-guns. The former have a range of about 400 yards and each has 200 shells: the two machine-guns fire through the propeller and carry 1,000 rounds. Armour plating is fitted to protect the pilot's shoulders and head, and the windscreen is bullet-proof

AS SEEN FROM THE GROUND, the square wing-tips of the aircraft are very prominent. Maximum speed is in the neighbourhood of 400 m.p.h., and the ceiling is about 36,000 ft., at which height the speed drops considerably

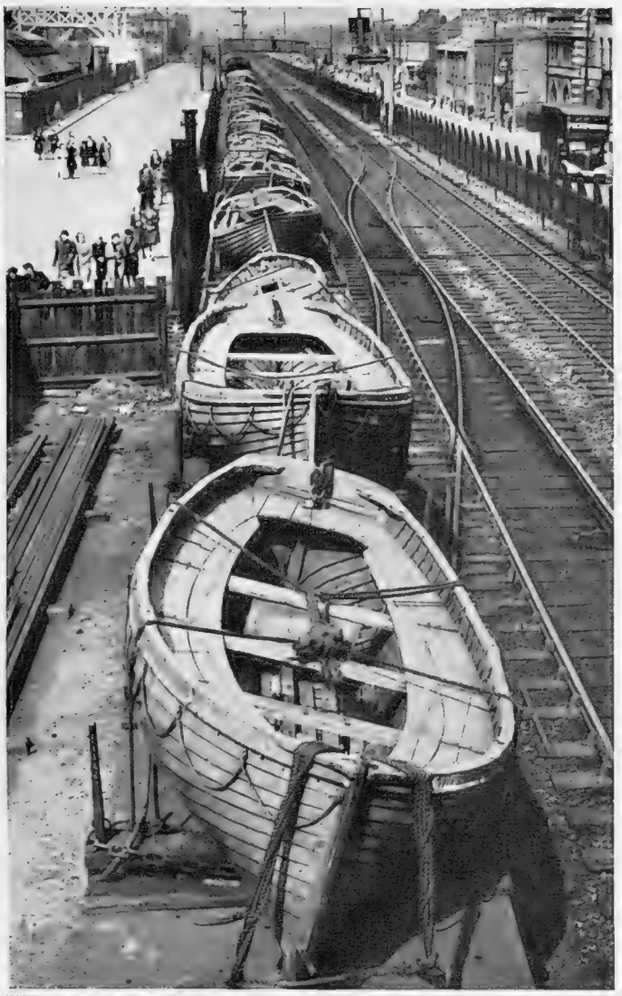
A SIDE VIEW SHOWING THE CLEAN LINE OF THE ENGINE COWLING and two of the four 22-mm. cannon-guns. On top of the engine (firing under the engine cowling) are the two 7·92-mm. machine-guns

HALF-INCH COMPRESSED STEEL protects the whole of the pilot's head from attack from behind. The front side of the pilot is also protected by sheets of the same thick metal

THE F.W.190 TAXIS ACROSS THE AERODROME after a test flight: the flaps are down, and the pilot's cockpit is closed

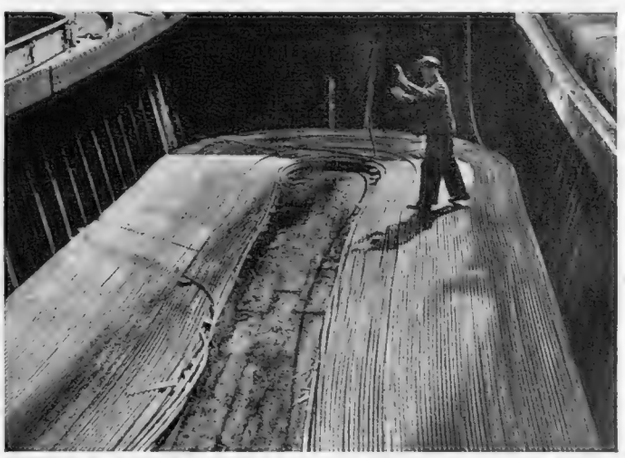
THE AMATEUR SEAMEN OF THE ROYAL NAVY

WRENS SERVICE THE NAVY'S MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS: Women of the W.R.N.S. are now at work servicing M.T.B.'s at an East Coast dockyard. All types of girls are being trained to do this work: after about three months, some have now reached the standard of engine-room artificers. The girls are expert in the handling of boats; and here are some, with Wren officers, aboard the captain's boat



THE L.N.E.R. HAVE JUST HANDLED AN UNUSUAL CONSIGNMENT: A trainload of lifeboats for British merchantmen. This is one of the reasons why civilians are constantly being reminded that the railways are so busy with war traffic that it is now unpatriotic to indulge in unnecessary travel

AMATEUR SAILORS NOW WORK FOR THE ADMIRALTY: A motor vessel safe in port after being ferried from the building yard by a crew of yachtsmen

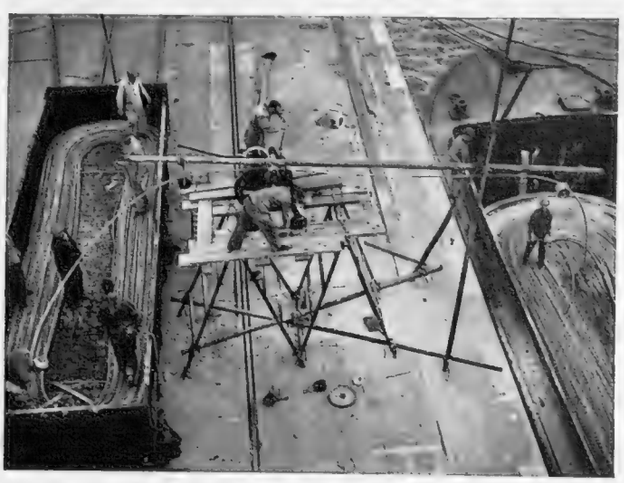


FIFTEEN RAILWAY WAGONS CARRY 85 MILES OF SUBMARINE CABLE: A close-up of the cable being loaded in a barge

THE SKIPPER, a professional man who served in the Navy in the last war

Five amateur yachtsmen have recently created a record by being the first amateur crew to sail successfully in convoy. They are part of a panel of volunteers who will run small ships from the building yards to the collection ports. Given the job of picking up a small motor vessel from the launching slips and bringing it safely over 250 miles to port, the crew did their work in three days—although eight days' sailing had been allowed them. With an average age of forty-seven, the men on the vessel included a sculptor, Civil Servants and an insurance broker

THE BO'SUN, a fifty-eight-year-old Devonshire man, formerly an Indian Civil Servant



FROM RAILWAY WAGON TO BARGE: For the first time in history, consignments of submarine cable have recently been conveyed by rail in this country. The load consisted of 85 miles of submarine cable of Cable and Wireless, Ltd.—the two longest sections measuring 33 miles and 37 miles. It was loaded in continuity, by passing from one wagon to another. The L.N.E.R. provided fifteen wagons for the job, which was carried through without a hitch

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE WORLD AND THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

Sir Philip Gibbs' American Tour ; Ralph Ingersoll Covers All Fronts ; Miss Emily Hahn's Biography of Three Remarkable Chinese Sisters ; Donald Cowie's Heartening Record of General Wavell's Campaign ; Sixteen Stories by Walter de la Mare, and a Book About Bridge

THE last ten years have seen the rise to fame, honour, glory and the best-selling lists of the foreign correspondents. Before the war they reported (and frequently their reportings were in book form) movements, opinions, intrigues and their own reactions. Very often the reaction would get more generous treatment than its cause, but it was all very well done, and we all enjoyed it. Hence the best-sellers.

Among them, though not latterly in any of the campaigns abroad, as he was in the last war, is Sir Philip Gibbs, who fairly recently returned from another kind of firing line—the ordeal of an American lecture tour. AMERICA SPEAKS (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is his record of these six months, in the course of which he crossed and recrossed the continent of America, spoke to many thousands of people, was amazed afresh at the hospitality, and exhausted by the incessant travel. "American lecture agents," he writes, "are careless of geography" and the tour that had been planned for him was by no means an orderly progression from east to west and back again.

Still, philosophically, Sir Philip accepted the discomforts for their advantages, not the least of which he found—and this surely is typical of your born newspaperman—the opportunity for listening to those "friendly, informative and humorous men" with whom, according to the writer, American trains are plentifully stocked.

Between his lectures, and the apparently endless questions that the lectures, or the very presence of an Englishman suggested to the audiences, Sir Philip found time for reflection, and for making innumerable new friendships. He must also have kept a fairly detailed travel-diary, for not even the memory of a trained reporter could carry the load of incidents and conversations which he recalls.

He must be the perfect guest, for I never knew of a man so appreciative of his hosts, or, from time to time, so kindly amusing in describing his visits. Apart from inevitable dinner-parties which often ended in something very like a one-man Brains Trust, with Sir Philip in the role of diplomat, political prophet, military expert, Datas and general hecklee, he talked to, and more often listened to, everyone with whom he came in contact. His tour began last autumn, and ended after Pearl Harbour, and in retrospection he has been able to assess the number of times that Japan was mentioned as a possible menace to the United States, or as having any part in the picture of world war. They were amazingly few.

Two months after the American declaration of war he visited Washington, and it would be difficult to find anything more typical of the scope of his interest than the following passage, written of his stay there.

"I listened to the comments of the man in the street in Washington when I was waiting to see the President of the United States and other leaders who are deciding its destiny. The taxicab drivers of Washington, like those of New York and Chicago, are hard-thinking fellows and very chatty at their wheels.

"'I find only one comfort in the war news,' said one of them, 'and it's very comforting.'

"'I wish you would tell me,' I asked, not having found that comfort.

"'We've reached rock bottom,' he said. 'That's a comfort. When you've got as low as that, you can't get any lower.'"

His book ends with a tribute to America, and to "the spirit of a great people who, after bewilderment and unawareness, because of time and distance and a reluctance to change their life, as we were all reluctant, have now awakened to the full knowledge that their own destiny is at stake."

Mr. Ralph Ingersoll is the peripatetically zealous editor and founder of *PM*, the New York newspaper which carries no advertising. COVERING ALL FRONTS (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.) is a record of his journeyings to those parts of the world where the war was, in order to explain to his people who were not yet in it.

To China he went full of admiration, and came away bubbling with enthusiasm. Russia he was not so sure about, but he got an interview with Stalin and thereafter everything in the Kremlin was lovely. He was almost naïvely surprised by the liberality of British rule in the Far East, and he was not the man not to be moved by the heroism of the common people of England during the "blitzes."

From an outpost of one of the fronts visited one may note a certain unreliability in his judgments, as, for instance, when he declared that Hitler had taken London and didn't know it. With that grain of salt, therefore, we may approach his conclusions on other fronts, but at the same time we can acknowledge that he is always stimulating, provocative and refreshing.

THE SOONG SISTERS (Hale. 15s.) is something more than a biography of three of the most remarkable women of modern times ; it is a warm, friendly, human book, for Miss Emily Hahn not only knows her subjects intimately, but loves and admires them. Educated at a Wesleyan college in Georgia, U.S.A., Eling, Chingling and Mayling were the three daughters of Charles Jones Soong, a Chinese revolutionary and friend of Sun Yat-Sen. One of them became Madame Chiang Kai-shek ; another is Madame Sun Yat-Sen, and the widow of that great leader ; while the third is Madame Kung, wife of the Chinese Finance Minister.

It is a significant footnote to China's great struggle that in three of its most significant developments women should have played so dominant a part. The world will certainly hear more from the Soong sisters.

SOME VERY STARTLING FIGURES!

One ton of WASTE PAPER can be turned into any of the following :

1,500 shell containers
9,000 shell-fuse components
11,000 mine assemblies
71,000 dust covers for aero engines
36,000 cut-out targets
3,000 boxes for aero-cannon shells.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF WAVELL, by Donald Cowie (Chapman and Hall. 16s.), is a book to be recommended to all those armchair critics who have been steeped in inspissated gloom since the recent happenings in Libya. It might also be read with profit by some of those who think that this is the right moment to clamour for what they call a Second Front. They may thereby be reminded that during the period when Great Britain stood alone, and while one of the most powerful of our allies was then enjoying a pact of neutrality with the enemy, British armies were fighting on several fronts, and that the fruits of some of their victories have been held.

Military historians looking for decisive battles will certainly one day assess in its magnificent perspective the rout of an Italian army 300,000 strong by a British army less than one-eighth its size and deployed strategically only for defence. They may even take note of General Wavell's Eritrean campaign, which cleared the Red Sea of the enemy and enabled the then neutral United States to send supplies into a "non-belligerent zone."

Then there was the none-too-easy but nevertheless thorough reconquest of Abyssinia, and the disappearance for ever of Mussolini's tinpot empire. Yes, and let us add the heroic actions fought in Greece and Crete, in which those brave armies paid a fearful penalty but, by dislocating Hitler's timetable and gaining some precious weeks, saved Russia and made possible the heroic defence of Moscow.

Let us also consider Wavell's armies in action in Syria, Persia and Iraq ; campaigns which, although little has been written about them, were equally decisive in the developing strategy of the World War. And let us remember that these campaigns were fought when Britain stood alone.

Mr. Donald Cowie is a New Zealander, and his judgment on these matters is all the more valuable because of its candour and its non-professional approach. I say without hesitation that this is one of the few war books published so far which has any lasting value.

THE BEST STORIES OF WALTER DE LA MARE (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) is a book which carries its own recommendation in the title. There are sixteen stories in this volume, and although no clue is given as to who selected them, it could not have been better done had it been the author himself. The first thing I did was to look to see if *Miss Duveen* was present, as well as that story which begins : "It was about half-past three on an August afternoon when I found myself for the first time looking down upon All Hallows."

Of course they are there, and others, too, which from a constant re-reading of this pleasant volume I propose to get to know and love as well.

We cannot always be thinking and talking war : therefore I take this opportunity to draw readers' attention to a new little book about bridge—THE VIENNA SYSTEM OF BIDDING, by A. J. Smith (Faber. 4s. 6d.). Its title describes its scope ; all that needs be said here is that there is an ample and complete description of a very brilliant system.

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

Just how grateful some parents are for the chance given to their sons in the *Arethusa* is illustrated by a mother who has just sent a £1 note as a little memoriam of her son, who was killed in H.M.S. *Hood* last year, aged seventeen. Funds are urgently needed. Address : 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The NEW LONDON PLAYS

Reviewed by Philip Page

SHAKESPEARE in plenty.—With the Gielgud production of *Macbeth* at the Piccadilly, Mr. Robert Atkins busy again at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, Mr. Donald Wolfit on a provincial tour prior to his return to a London theatre, the Stratford-on-Avon festival still going strong, and the Old Vic company starting another season at the New Theatre, there is no lack of wartime Shakespeare. The Old Vic opening production was *Othello*, which had its touches of originality, for the Moor was played by a Czech actor, Mr. Frederick Valk, in somewhat uncertain English, and Iago by Mr. Bernard Miles, who was a success in a recent revue as a comic farm-hand, leaning on a cartwheel. Mr. Valk is a fine actor, and I do not doubt that in parts suited to him he would be impressive in the extreme. I venture to think Othello is not one of them. I thought Miss Freda Jackson's Emilia far and away the best performance. Miss Jackson turned up again to play Mistress Ford in a riotously farcical production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This was in every respect a vast improvement; if the knockabout stuff was a bit overdone—several of the cast seemed to be skilled acrobats—there was plenty of fun and of the genuinely farcical spirit. Mr. Frank Petley, who has not been seen in London sufficiently during his fifty years on the stage, made an ideal Falstaff—ripely and richly Elizabethan, full of the comedy spirit, yet not without dignity. Miss Ruth Wynn-Owen's Quickly won plenty of laughs, but her Cockney accent jarred ; we do not know for certain how the women of Windsor talked in those days, but I am pretty sure they did not talk like East Enders in a gin palace on a Saturday night.

In these days of economy I suppose it was necessary to give the whole play in the same scene. Yet those red-brick Tudor buildings were sadly out of place in the final episode—the heart of Windsor Forest.

Light and Shade (Ambassadors).—Mr. Herbert Farjeon has a nimble mind and a pretty wit. Nimble minds have a way of wishing to startle the less nimble out of their rut and to do something wildly different, even in revue. So Mr. Farjeon, abjuring glamour, dancing, a pretty chorus, catchy tunes and most of the other conventional elements of revue (which, incidentally, the public like, and pay their money to see), has given us, for the most part, gloom. Clever gloom, of course. but gloom. A Nativity Play—beautifully done, but as out of place in a revue theatre as a strip-tease act would be in Canterbury Cathedral—lots of women in black singing angrily or sadly, or both, nostalgic stuff, and consequently depressing, about the happy days before the war. Mr. Farjeon's pretty wit comes to the rescue occasionally, when it is brilliantly exploited by Miss Betty Ann Davies, but not often enough.

No Orchids for Miss Blandish (Prince of Wales).—In a quarter of a century of professional theatre-going this play, founded on James Hadley Chase's notorious novel, is the nastiest I have seen—and I do not except the comparatively minor horrors of the Grand Guignol. Torture, sadism and suggestiveness are piled on to such an extent that after a period of being sickened I was bored. I would express sympathy with those excellent players, Mr. Hartley Power, Miss Tucker MacGuire, Miss Linden Travers, Mr. Robert Newton and Miss Mary Clare for being associated with such muck were it not that the piece will probably have a long, long run. For it is diabolically efficient, "diabolical" being *le mot juste*.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

For the youngster with interests in the fishing line, it is a happy moment when the river becomes de-controlled owing to the sudden calling-up of the much-feared river keeper. But there are other views on calling-up, and the business world cannot treat such matters joyfully. It realises that the problem of more-work-less-staff has to be tackled—and so casts around for suitable ways and means . . .

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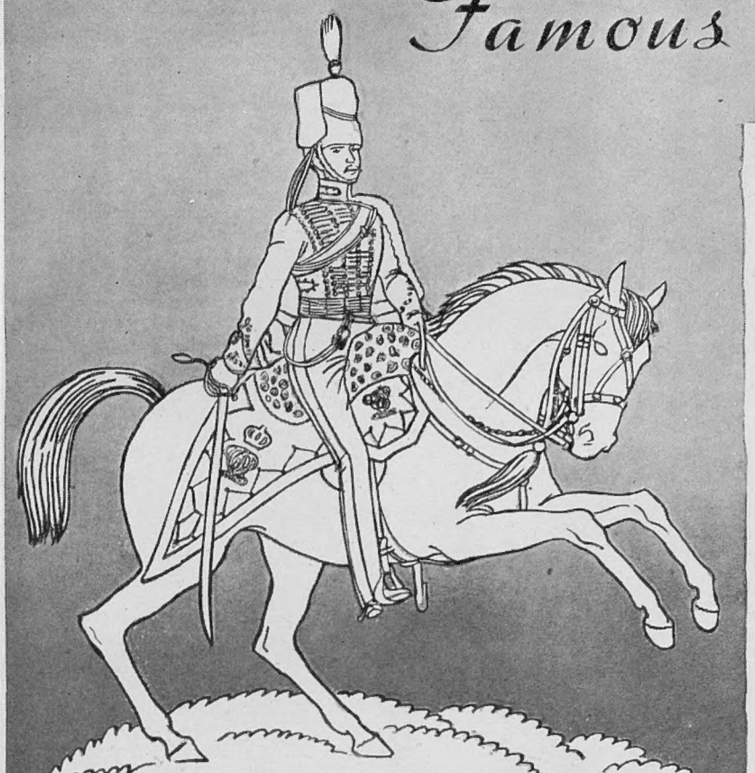
Famous QUEENS



The 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars

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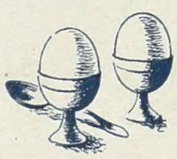

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